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One Halfpenny.

OFF FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



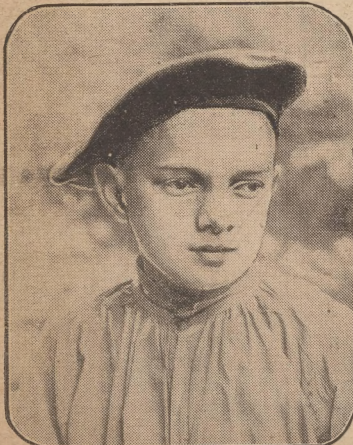
Photographs taken at Liverpool-street station yesterday. The great London termini were crowded by pleasure-seekers going off to the sea-coast watering-places for the August Bank Holiday week-end. Owing to the fine weather there has been a big exodus from London.

SANDALS IN PARLIAMENT.



Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P., now appears in the House of Commons wearing sandals. Our photograph was taken just before he set out for the House yesterday.

WINNER OF THE £40,000 PRIZE IN THE PARIS LOTTERY AND THE CHILDREN SHE IS ADOPTING.



Mme. Hofer, the cantiniere of the 28th Regiment of Dragoons, who has won one million francs (£40,000) in the Press Lottery in Paris. The other portraits are those of Chariot (on the left) and Agasse, the two orphan boys Mme. Hofer is adopting. They drew the lucky numbers which gave her the prize.

BRIGHTER SKIES FOR HOLIDAYS.

Unsettled To-day and To-morrow, but Probably Fine on Monday.

DAMAGE BY GALES.

Record Outgoing of Holiday-Makers from All Great Cities.

The chances are that the weather will be pleasant on Bank Holiday.

But to-day and to-morrow will probably be unsettled, with lively breezes and occasional showers, so all going away for the week-end will do well to take umbrellas and macintoshes.

This is the forecast and advice of a weather expert which will give mingled pain and pleasure to the many thousands going away to-day.

Yesterday the depression which has caused the rainfall over a great part of England was passing away to the northward. Gales are reported from various parts of the country. Many accidents caused by the high wind occurred in London, and there were wrecks on the coasts. The weather reports from most of our seaside resorts were unsettled, dull, and cloudy, but it is expected that the outlook for holiday-makers will improve steadily during the next two days.

RUSH TO THE SEASIDE.

All the Railway Companies Prepared for Record Traffic To-day.

During the past week on an average 80,000 Londoners have daily been pouring out of London to sea and country-side.

But to-day all the great railway companies are expecting an absolute record.

The scene at Liverpool-street yesterday afternoon was an extraordinary one. The huge station seemed packed with human beings. The next minute it appeared almost deserted, as a huge train for Yarmouth rolled out. Five minutes afterwards the station was just as crowded.

"A nice-sized, average holiday-crowd," said an official to the *Daily Mirror*; "but you should see it to-morrow, then there are some people about."

And similar scenes were to be witnessed at every great railway station in London. For days past the railways have been running their trains in two, three, and even four sections.

Exceptionally heavy has been the traffic from London Bridge to Portsmouth during the past week. The visit of the King and the French fleet proving the attraction.

It is estimated that the population of Brighton will be increased by at least 30,000 people during this holiday season.

Blackpool, which is the centre of attraction for the most densely populated districts of England, viz., Lancashire and Yorkshire, expects an influx of at least 100,000.

Southend will experience difficulty in finding its 23,000 inhabitants amongst a crowd of some 40,000 visitors. The populations of Ramsgate and Margate, which in normal times are reckoned respectively 27,000 and 23,000, will be more than doubled.

EFFECTS OF THE GALE.

Many Accidents in Town—Barque Wrecked Near Penzance.

The wind blew up a heavy sea in the Channel yesterday, and the boats from France and the Channel Islands had very rough passages.

The British iron barque *Noisid* went ashore at Prussia Cove, near Penzance, yesterday, after struggling with severe weather in the Channel for two days.

Six of the crew tried to swim ashore, and one of them, Lucien Vogel, of Havre, was drowned, while another man is missing. The rest of the crew were saved by the rocky apparatus.

In London there were many accidents. Slates were stripped from roofs and chimney-pots blown down in many districts. A furniture-van in Hackney-road, loaded to a great height with chairs, was blown over across the tramway-line, and it was some time before the debris could be cleared away.

FALL FROM SHAKESPEARE CLIFF.

People on the Admiralty Pier, Dover, yesterday saw a man fall from the top of the Shakespeare Cliff. He fell 800 feet, and struck the rocks below. An ambulance was obtained, and the body was removed. It is said to be that of a visitor from London named Mitchell.

CLIMBING TO DEATH.

Terrible List of Alpine Fatalities

This Season.

WHY ACCIDENTS OCCUR.

The number of fatal accidents occurring this season on the Alps is really terrible.

The latest victim is a German railway official, who, while wandering near Velden, on the Watersee, fell from the Little Zinne and was instantly killed.

Another German tourist, a town councillor of Aix-la-Chapelle, was walking with his wife to his hotel at Karsene when he was struck by an avalanche of rock. He now lies in a critical condition.

In the latter case the accident was almost inevitable. Avalanches are the greatest danger awaiting adventurers, on the glittering peaks of Tyrol and Switzerland. Even the best guides can do no more to escape them, than avoid the well-worn tracks that indicate where they fall with a certain regularity.

HOW TO AVOID ACCIDENTS.

Tumbling from rocks, and slipping in snowfields are two other principal causes of accidents. These are due chiefly to the fatigue of the climbers, who get numbed by the thin, cold mountain air.

But by climbing in parties of three persons, a tightly roped together, a slip from a rock, or a fall into a snowfield, is converted into an affair more exciting than dangerous.

In general, these adventurous climbers who never return from the holiday-ground of Europe, as Switzerland is called, neglect the two golden rules of the Alps. The first is, never to climb without a competent guide; the second, never to adventure by unfrequented tracks. If these rules are observed, one may enjoy all the delightful fascination of Alpine climbing, and avoid most of the dangers. Otherwise, one may find oneself spending the remainder of one's days in sliding down an ice-slope—a form of amusement which does not last long enough to be appreciated.

DELUGE IN IRELAND.

Terrible Rainstorm Causes Floods and Immense Damage to Crops.

Many districts in the north of Ireland are inundated owing to the terrific rainstorms.

For twenty-four hours the downpour continued, and standing crops have been seriously injured. Rivers overflowed their banks.

So violent was the storm in Belfast that all outdoor work ceased for several hours.

CREDITORS TO GET ALL.

How M. Juluzot Hopes To Survive the Paris Sugar Crisis.

Interviewed yesterday, M. Juluzot, victim of the great Paris sugar failure, expressed himself confident as to his ability to survive the crisis.

He does not resign his directorship of the Printemps Stores, which, he says, will resume its payments shortly.

He admits that the Printemps lent him its financial assistance in his sugar deals. He declares that unless he asks banks for advances on his property instead of further involving the Printemps Company, he will be ruined.

All that he possesses belongs to his creditors.

FEARED HIS WIFE KNOWING.

American Submits to the Loss of £4,000 Rather Than Confess How it Happened.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—An American who was robbed a few days ago in Paris of a sum of £4,000, has voluntarily given up all chance of recovering his money rather than let his wife know of the matter.

Magistrate Beaudoux took the case in hand and succeeded in arresting the woman believed to be guilty of the theft. Meanwhile the American had left for Carlsbad, where the magistrate telegraphed to him. But he has written to the magistrate that he prefers to lose the £4,000 rather than prefer the charge.

SULTAN'S ASSAILANT KNOWN.

Luha Rippe, a foreigner, carrying a Russian passport, is said to have been the author of the recent attempt on the Sultan.

The commission of inquiry, says Reuter, is stated to have established the fact that the bomb was placed under the seat of the coachman whose carriage was blown to atoms.

UNEMPLOYED BILL IN COMMITTEE.

In Three Hours 120 Amendments Were Disposed Of.

The Unemployed Bill passed through Committee in the House of Commons yesterday.

Rapid progress was made, and in three hours no fewer than 120 amendments were disposed of, some being accepted, some rejected, and some withdrawn.

The question of extending the provisions of the Bill to Scotland and Ireland is under consideration.

When the Bill came before the House of Commons yesterday, a number of amendments proposed by Mr. Gerald Balfour were agreed to without a division.

The first signs of dissent became apparent when the President of the Local Government Board, moved the omission of the provision empowering distress committees to provide work out of the rates for unemployed on farm colonies.

"Charity," said Mr. Keir Hardie, in opposing this, "stinks in the nostrils of the working classes." All the working classes needed was the opportunity of working for their bread.

Lord Hugh Cecil said that charity was not degrading to the working classes.

The Prime Minister said the House was agreed in desiring to tide industrious workers over temporary difficulties, without diverting public funds to underserving wasters. His appeal to accept the modified proposals led to a Government majority of seventy-four.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Passage of the Bill Immensely Enhances Mr. Balfour's Reputation.

Everybody is delighted at the rapid passage of the Unemployed Bill this afternoon (writes the M.P. who represents the *Daily Mirror* in the Lobby), and the fact that it is certain to become law this session is a feather in the cap of the Labour members, who are very proud of what is practically their first legislative achievement.

Much as Mr. Balfour's reputation has been impaired during the progress of this eventful session, the passage of this Bill has done a great deal to rehabilitate him in the good favour of all sections of the House.

HOLIDAYS IN CAMP.

70,000 Volunteers and 2,000 Boy-Soldiers Under Canvas.

Yesterday four battalions of the Boys' Brigade, numbering 2,000, left London for the East and South Coast.

Two hours' daily drill is all the work required, from these young soldiers, the rest of the day being spent in swimming, cricket, and other pastimes.

Seventy thousand Volunteers are pitching camp in various parts of the country to-day, to learn infantry duties and bridge-building.

DON JUAN ON WHEELS.

Dashing Young Parisian Clerk's Use of His Employer's Bicycles.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—Gaston Duplessy is a smart young clerk employed by a bicycle manufacturer on the Bois de Charonne, and he has acquired quite a reputation in the neighbourhood as a Don Juan.

He was in the habit of offering to teach his feminine acquaintances to ride on bicycles, which he provided. He even promised he would give a nickel-plated machine to the best rider among his lady friends.

Yesterday he was out riding at the head of a dozen damsels when one of the girls met with a slight accident, which drew the attention of a passer-by to the procession.

The Don Juan was his clerk; the cycles were his property; and he had the whole party promptly marched off to the police station, where the disconsolate lady-killer still remains.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Five deaths from yellow fever and fifty-four fresh cases were notified in New Orleans yesterday.

Creditors of the Spanish city of Malaga, which has gone bankrupt, have formed a syndicate.

Mr. Edison states that his perfected storage battery will drive a two-ton truck at the rate of thirty-three miles an hour at a cost of fifty-eight per cent. less than that of maintaining a horse.

Mme. Goldschmidt, of Paris, sister of the late Baroness de Hirsch, who left estate in the United Kingdom worth £251,253, bequeathed to each servant in her employ "as much wages as each of them had been consecutive years in her service."

WILL IT BE PEACE?

Russian and Japanese Plenipotentiaries Meet To-day.

MOMENTOUS ISSUES.

To-day is the fateful day on which the representatives of Russia and Japan meet to discuss peace at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, U.S.A.—a curious coincidence, considering that our own Portsmouth is preparing to receive the fleet of our French neighbours.

In the meantime, reports from the scene of war indicate that further conflict is imminent, and everyone is earnestly hoping that the Conference will declare an honourable termination to a prolonged and deplorable war.

A graphic account of the surrender by the Russians to the Japanese of the famous criminal colony of Saghalien has been received by the Japanese Legation in London. General Liapunoff, seventy officers, and 3,200 men laid down their arms.

PEACE NOT DESIRED.

Pessimistic Views About the Conference Prevalent in St. Petersburg.

PARIS, Friday.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Matin" says that a feeling amounting to a certainty exists in the capital that the peace pourparlers will be broken off at the outset.

The belief in the possibility of peace has ceased to exist, comments the correspondent, for the simple reason that peace is no longer desired.—Central News.

BATTLE EXPECTED.

TOKIO, Friday.—It is reported that the advance guards of the hostile armies south of the Tumen River are within rifle-range, and a conflict at an early date is regarded as inevitable.—Reuter.

MARIINSK (Siberia), Friday.—It is officially stated that the Siberian Railway is ceasing the transport of private goods on August 14. People are requested to forward their goods by the old Siberian highway.—Reuter.

PLACE OF CONFERENCE.

Personalities Who Will Take Part in the Momentous Conference.

Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where the Peace Conference, which begins to-day, will be held, is a country town about the size of Epsom. Lying on the banks of the Piscataquog River, close to its mouth, and fifty-seven miles northwest of Boston, it is one of the quaintest and quietest of New England cities. Its streets are shady, and many of its houses delightfully old-fashioned. It boasts a capital harbour, and is a favourite American summer resort. It is within easy reach of the famous White Mountains, and surrounded by magnificent forest and mountain scenery.

The Delegates are:—
M. Witte, the famous ex-Finance Minister.
M. Takahira, Japanese Minister at Washington.

CAPTURE OF SAGHALIEN.

How Seventy Russian Officers and 3,200 Men Surrendered to the Japanese.

The following telegram, dated from Tokio yesterday, has been received at the Japanese Legation:—
The Saghalien Army reports as follows: "The independent cavalry force attacked and routed the enemy at the south of Paleo, in the afternoon of July 28, and captured two field-guns besides ammunition wagons, rifles, and ammunition."

On July 29 that force, co-operating with reinforcements, gave hot pursuit to the enemy towards the south of Tauran at 5 a.m. On July 30 the enemy's parliamentaire came to Tauran with a message from General Liapunoff, Military Governor, addressed to the commander of the army, stating that lack of dressing materials and medicines, and impossibility of treating wounded, compelled the General, out of sentiments of humanity, to ask cessation of hostilities.

The commander of the army replied that all military stores, movables and immovables belonging to the Government and all documents concerning administrative and military matters should be delivered, and that reply to the above should be sent to Hamada by 10 p.m. on July 31. On July 31 the Russian delegate, Colonel Tribid came to Hamada, and after conference with our delegate, General Kodzumi, accepted our conditions in toto. General Liapunoff, with about seventy officers and 3,200 men, surrendered and was taken prisoner.

PARIS AT PORTSMOUTH.

Crowds of Frenchmen Make the Atmosphere Quite Continental.

KING ARRIVES TO-DAY.

Portsmouth has now quite a Continental air. A few days ago a Frenchman was a comparative stranger in the town. Now one might imagine that some of the principal streets had been imported bodily from Paris—if it were not for the buildings.

There is no mistaking the Frenchman. Nine times out of ten his clothes proclaim his race, and when they do not his face does. He is by no means the Frenchman of the comic opera, for he does not wear a tall hat shaped like the old stovepipe or a flowing tie, but his clothes are as unmistakable as if they hailed from America.

And he has brought his women-folk with him, and their costumes are filling Portsmouth with wonder.

Whistling the "Marseillaise."

The craze of the moment in Portsmouth is the "Marseillaise." The decoration question has been solved to everyone's complete satisfaction. Even the adornment of the electric trams has been forgotten for a time. Every other interest has given way to the "Marseillaise," and anyone who can whistle it with approximate accuracy commands deep respect.

As Monday approaches the promise of enormous crowds is more certain. Excursions are being run from all over the country to Portsmouth, and the neighbourhood should see such a gathering as it has never seen before.

Our visitors will not have to approach land for their welcome. The French Ambassador, and a distinguished party of French guests on board the Union Castle liner Armada Castle will be among the first, and excursion steamers of all sorts, kinds, and sizes will be there, too.

The railway excursions are being run in connection with these steamers. As the return fare to Portsmouth from London for the day is only 5s., and the steamer ticket to meet the fleet, follow it to its anchorage, and then steam through the lines of warships is also only 5s., the historic occasion is well within the means of almost everyone.

Excursion steamers will continue running during the day and on the Tuesday and Wednesday, so it is clear that everyone will have plenty of opportunity of greeting our guests.

Visitors Welcomed by Warships.

During the rest of the week the vessels will be lying in Portsmouth Harbour, when all can see them, and practically everyone will be welcome on board, for a committee of three officers has been formed on every ship to organise entertainments.

But it will not be necessary to visit Portsmouth to greet our friends and neighbours. Parties of them will march through the City of London, as stated yesterday, on both Thursday and Friday, and on Saturday there is the great luncheon in Westminster Hall.

To-day visitors to Portsmouth will have their first taste of the naval decorations, for the Channel Fleet arrives at its station early, and the combined squadrons and the yachts at Cowes will be decorated in honour of the King's arrival.

His Majesty is travelling straight to Portsmouth from Goodwood, and crossing to Cowes between the lines of great battleships on board the royal yacht.

LONDON'S WATER.

Proposal To Purify the Supply From the River Lea.

"There is no getting away from the fact that in times to come the Thames and Lea rivers must be the chief sources of London's water supply." Mr. Barnard, making this statement at yesterday's meeting of the Metropolitan Water Board, was speaking in support of a report of the Works and Stores Committee, which recommended the removal of the intake on the Lea to a point above Fiddle's Weir.

It also recommended the interception of the sewage between this weir and Hertford, in the valley of the Lea, and between this weir and Bishop's Stortford, in the valley of the Stort.

The report said that the interception of this sewage could best be done by a main sewer, the cost of which should be borne by the board.

The report was passed with the exception of the clause providing for the cost. Lord Welby said it was unjust that London should have to bear all the cost, and this part was thrown out.

HARVEST OF THE SEASHORE.

Highland crofters on the coast of Tiree are just now earning £1 a day by gathering seaweed. It is converted by burning into kelp for manure, 120 tons of which at present fetch £609.

LORD MILNER AS WITNESS.

War Office Official Tells Auditors to "Mind Their Own Business."

If they pursue these queries any further we must ask them to mind their own business.

Around this minute, written by an officer in the War Office apropos of questions raised by the Comptroller and Auditor-General, much interest centred at yesterday's sitting of the War Stores Commission.

Mr. Arnold-Forster stated that it would make the work of a public department almost impossible if the Comptroller and Auditor-General were to criticise the policy which directed all the accounts which came before them as matters of account.

Sir G. T. Goldie, one of the Commissioners, suggested that in their queries auditors were asking questions which it was their business to ask.

The answer was given that a certain matter had been decided upon for administrative reasons, and some officer made the following comment:—

We should some time write to the Auditor-General pointing out that we cannot agree to the practice of questioning administrative questions of way of audit.

Mr. Arnold-Forster explained that it was his view that it should be the desire of the Financial Department, but he did not think it was the present intention, to allow the Auditor-General to inquire into acts of policy.

Lord Milner stated that a total of £3,357,000 was paid out of reparation funds to the Army fund for transport and supplies. If he had accepted Lord Kitchener's prices he would have paid at least £5,000,000.

CAMPAIGN OF THE COUNTIES.

General Booth's Rapid Home Motoring Tour Makes a Great Impression.

Through a gale of wind and rain General Booth motored from Horsham to Godalming yesterday.

He traversed Broadbridge Heath, Alford Crossways, and Bramley, and when he arrived at Godalming the mayor, aldermen, councillors, and burgesses received him in state.

From the steps of the Borough Hall the town clerk read an address of welcome, dignified by its wording and by the fact that it was engrossed on vellum.

After a characteristic acknowledgment the General addressed a crowded meeting in the town hall.

A move was then made for Petersfield, and from there the General proceeded to Winchester. Everywhere his presence has produced a profound impression.

MUNICIPAL PARADISE.

Mr. Cameron Corbett's Gift of a Highland Summer Resort to Glasgow.

A magnificent Highland estate of 9,600 acres has been offered by Mr. Cameron Corbett, M.P., to the citizens of Glasgow through the city corporation.

Here, amid the grand and rugged scenery between Loch Gail and Loch Long, the City Fathers can establish a municipal summer resort for the use of the good people of Glasgow. The gift is absolutely unfettered, though the generous donor expresses the earnest hope that no drink shall be sold there, and that artists be consulted before any steps likely to affect the natural beauty of the spot be taken.

Great satisfaction is naturally felt at this noble offer, and Glasgow's gratitude is heightened by the fact that Mr. Corbett recently offered the city an estate nearer to Glasgow.

DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon states that the report of his engagement to Lady Ailington, widow of the late Lord Ailington, is without foundation.

M.P.'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE CAT.

In his campaign against flogging in the Navy Mr. Swift MacNeill is irresistible.

He now proposes to ask the Secretary to the Admiralty to exhibit in the Naval Exhibition, among the objects connected with life on a man-of-war, a cat-o'-nine-tails!

MR. JOHN BURNS'S NEW ROLE.

To the many roles of usefulness Mr. John Burns, M.P., has assumed, he yesterday added that of fireman.

Battersea's parliamentary representative drove up on the motor fire-engine to an outbreak at a large mansion in Princes-gate, Hyde Park-corner. Considerable damage was done before the flames were subdued.

ECCENTRIC LOVER

Finds a Vent for His Emotions in Pelting a Girl with Coal.

An elderly man named Christopher Pattison, according to all that was related in the Newcastle Police Court yesterday, fell in love with an attractive-looking servant, Jane Wood, who was employed in that city.

From the first his suit was unwelcome. Miss Wood's employer protested, so, naturally, did her "young man."

But Pattison was undaunted. He waited, with all the patience of love, at the door in the morning for the sheer ecstasy of seeing her take in the milk.

At night he slouched round the house in the hope of catching a furtive glance of his beloved, and if she went out, he made himself disagreeable by his marked attentions.

On one occasion he watched her go into the coal-house, and was so overcome with emotion and affection that he threw coals at her through the window.

The Bench, to whom Pattison had nothing to say, found the ardent coal-heaving lover over to keep the peace.

AUSTRALIAN CHAMPAGNE.

First Consignment of Empire-Grown Wine Reaches London.

There has just arrived in London a first shipment of the only grape champagne at present made in his Majesty's Dominions.

It comes from Australia, and its maker, noting the significant fact that while Great Britain's imports of wines are rapidly decreasing, Australian wines are growing in favour, has determined to try it on the London market.

Grown at Great Western, in Victoria, once the scene of a phenomenal but short-lived goldfield, the cellars where the champagne is made are probably unique among the great wine-cellar of the world. They are hewn out of the solid rock, a kind of decomposed granite, and a visitor can take a good constitutional walk in their labyrinths without traversing the same ground twice.

DEATH HER BRIDEGROOM.

Beautiful Young German Girl Who Died in Her Wedding Attire.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Friday.—A beautiful young woman, named Antonie Schmiecke, was yesterday found dead, lying on her bed dressed in bridal array.

Inquiry disclosed a sad story. Antonie was a country girl, and was engaged to marry a young fellow in her native village.

She had made all arrangements for the ceremony, including the purchase of an elaborate trousseau. Then she received an anonymous letter informing her that her betrothed had that day married another girl.

Then Antonie made a will bequeathing her savings to a girl friend, and, decking herself as though for marriage, drank poison and died.

TO MAKE ROADS DUSTLESS.

Experiments To Prevent Haymakers Being Made To Look Like Sweeps.

In Lancashire, said Mr. Littleborough at the monthly county council meeting, it is difficult to distinguish a haymaker from a chimney-sweep. The foliage along the lanes withers in early summer, and the grass becomes black.

Touched by this picturesque rhetoric, his fellow-councillors thought they would be justified in spending £500 in mitigating the dust nuisance caused by motor-cars, especially having regard to the fact that £1,400 had been received for motor-car registration fees.

In East Lancashire several large chemical manufacturers have instituted experiments at their own expense on roads placed for this purpose at their disposal.

WATCH SMASHED BY CRICKET-BALL.

Hitting out in the Surrey-Kent match at Beckenham yesterday Hayes drove a ball clean out of the ring.

Mrs. Blaker, mother of the well-known Kent cricketer, who was looking on, received the ball in the chest. Her watch was smashed to pieces.

BECAUSE SHE LOVED HER HUSBAND

Clorisette Swan, a young woman of New York, sat down beside a friend on a seat at Hastings and drank poison.

She felt insensible, but when brought round said she took poison because she loved her husband. She was committed for trial charged with attempted suicide yesterday.

WIVES A HELP OR A HINDRANCE?

Lament for the Old-Fashioned, Sympathetic Woman.

SELFISHNESS OF MEN.

Evidently there are a great many people who have strong opinions, one way or the other, upon this interesting topic. Several of the numerous letters which have reached us are too strong for publication! Here is a selection of the milder effusions:—

Time for the Tide to Turn.

It is quite absurd to imagine a woman of the present day being a help to a man.

The sweet, stay-at-home wife of the olden days is dead. She was a treasure and of the greatest assistance.

She could sympathise and advise; she knew the golden rule of silence; but compare her with the present-day wife, whose days are spent in one mad whirl of excitement, who has no time to trouble over her husband's worries.

She has time and sympathy for anything outside her own home and her own husband, because it is "good form," but as a helpmate to any man as a wife she is absolutely useless.

Perhaps when modern woman has advanced sufficiently she may even see that too great independence is a mistake, and the tide may turn and bring a revival of the handworking and thoughtful woman.

Such women are helpmates to men. Bachelors. Bedford Park.

Quick at Seeing Weak Points.

It is a well-known fact that nearly all our great men say their success has been partly due to their wives.

The man who can afford to do without the assistance of his wife would have done better never to have had a wife at all.

The present-day woman is, in most cases, better educated and the range of faculties greater, than in the days of our grandmothers. She has, therefore, an abler grasp of the practical side of a subject, and her keen instinct can often see the weak point quicker than a man.

She may not be able to do more than point out the weakness, but it may be just possible that her hint may assist her husband and enable him to see as others see. Wives are certainly helpmates, and the man is fortunate who is blessed with a good wife, and he is thrice blessed when he knows he has a good wife and appreciates the fact. E. B. Bechill-on-Sea.

Enforced Stay-at-Home.

My wife is a hindrance to me, but I would not have her know it for worlds.

If I were unmarried I could see other countries, tramp the world over, and so secure what I consider the finest education that can be got.

My wife is unable to support the fatigue of travel except under the most comfortable of conditions. By roughing it a little, and to a certain extent working my way, I could go anywhere.

The natural result is that I have to stop at home. Alfreton, Derbyshire.

FIVE YEARS MARRIED.

A Spinster's Wail.

What are we women sent for but to be a blessing and helpmate to man?

I know several men who owe all their prosperity to their wives. Indeed, it is a business girls who make the best wives, though they are, as a rule, the most unfortunate in getting chances.

The careless, flyaway, and flighty are the ones who are made most happy by the opposite sex.

A LONELY SPINSTER.

Housekeepers Wanted Nowadays.

There can be no doubt that when a man marries he severely handicaps himself in the race for material success in life.

But what then? Ought a man, for that reason, to set himself against it? Ought he to forget that his duty towards his country demands some sacrifice, and that no better sacrifice can be made than marriage?

It is men who are selfish nowadays, not women! Men who weigh pence in the balance, and expect to get cheap housekeepers, instead of wives who shall be companions on a level with themselves.

Earl's Court-square. AN INDIGNANT WIFE.

AUTOMATIC BILLIARDS.

In Germany billiard players wanting a game go into a café and drop a small coin into a slot in the table, when the balls roll out of a hidden pocket.

Slow players are placed at a disadvantage, for the balls automatically disappear at the end of fifteen minutes. No attendant is necessary. The tables have recently been introduced into London.

Anticipating unusually heavy traffic during the three days' visit to the city of the Yorkshire Show, the Chief Constable of Hull has notified that the speed of motor-cars must be limited to eight miles an hour in the borough.

EX-M.P. AND HIS FORMER WIFE.

Mr. Hugh Watt Unfolds Curious Problem of Married Life.

WHOSE HUSBAND IS HE?

Mr. Hugh Watt, formerly M.P. for Glasgow, unfolded a curious married-life problem when he applied to Mr. Curtis Bennett, at Westminster yesterday, for a summons for an alleged assault by his late wife.

Mr. Watt explained that this lady divorced him two years ago. It will be remembered that he was subsequently married to Lady Violet Beauchamp. Now, in applying for the summons, Mr. Watt declared he was still the husband of the lady who divorced him. "The decree," he said, "was never made absolute."

The alleged assault took place at the lady's residence in Chapel-street, Belgrave-square, where Mr. Watt called by appointment, with the object, he explained, of putting an end by some arrangement to five years of expensive litigation.

The lady, however, was "simply furious." She "stampeded," as Mr. Watt described it, "up and down the room. She caught me by the shoulders and pushed me against a door."

"I asked her to calm herself, but she declared she would listen to nothing."

"Did she previously request you to go out?" asked the magistrate. The applicant admitted that she did.

"And as you did not go she had a right to use force."

It was at this point that Mr. Watt claimed that the lady was still his wife.

"She says," he remarked, "that she still has a right to me, and the other woman has not—the lady to whom I am now married."

"How can that be," asked the magistrate, "if the decree obtained by the lady you allege assaulted you was never made absolute?"

The applicant stated that all the facts were disclosed to the registrar when he married again.

The magistrate: You cannot justify staying after being ordered to go—on the plea that you are still the husband—when you tell me that you have married someone else. There is really nothing in it, and I decline to grant a summons.

PASSPORTS CASE ENDED.

High Court Says Accused Were Guilty of Mischievous Act and Fined Each £100.

The long-drawn-out "passport case" ended yesterday by the Lord Chief Justice, in the special Divisional Court, imposing a fine of £100 on each of the accused—H. N. Brailsford, a journalist, and Arthur McCulloch, an actor.

Both men were convicted of having conspired to procure a passport into Russia, which was used by another person.

There was much legal argument yesterday as to the question of a new trial, but the Lord Chief Justice was against the accused, contending that the procurement of the passport, to be used by another person, was a conspiracy to defeat the Foreign Office, and was an act, tending at the time of peace, to cause public mischief.

The Lord Chief Justice ordered the accused to be detained until the fine was paid.

DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

History of Distracted Mother Who Drowned Her Children in a Tub.

Fresh facts about the drowning of little Elsie and Kate Collison by their mother in a tub at Courtenay-place, Walthamstow, were given to the coroner at yesterday's inquest.

Under remand, the mother refused to attend, but the father, Henry Collison, was present. He said that the mother, Eliza Jane Pope, sister of his deceased wife, was in an asylum twelve months ago.

They had words on Monday, when she threatened to cut her throat.

The jury were told that after the death of his wife twelve years ago Collison went through an illegal form of marriage with her sister, the accused. The verdict was of Wilful Murder.

STILL ANOTHER HOLBORN SCANDAL.

It has been decided by the Holborn Borough Council to dismiss and prosecute Mr. Dyson, of the Town Clerk's department, who is alleged to have misappropriated £21.

Dyson has been missing since the publicity given to the recent scandal.

South Wales coalowners have made a formal demand for the reduction of miners' wages by 31 per cent. from September 1 next.

MILLIONS OF SERMONS.

Demand for Printed Exhortations Continually Increasing.

"We have sold considerably over 60,000,000 printed copies of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's sermons, and we find the demand for the weekly issue as great as it was ten years ago."

This statement, made yesterday by Messrs. Passmore and Alabaster, proves that, although 1,000,000 copies of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons were recently sold by auction for 2s. 4d. a thousand, there is no decrease in the demand for printed sermons.

Other publishers of religious literature told the *Daily Mirror* that the demand for sermons was increasing.

"Elementary education," said Mr. Allenson, "while enormously increasing the number of novel-readers, has certainly resulted in bigger sales for sermons."

"I have just brought out two twopenny series of sermons by Dr. Robertson, and have already sold 25,000 copies. Other issues of sermons are also commanding large sales."

"I recently published at 6s. the Life and Sermons of Tauler, a Dominican monk of the fourteenth century, and this has also sold readily."

"The sermons of Archdeacon Wilberforce, the Rev. George Adam Smith, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell sell in larger numbers," said a city bookseller, "than did the sermons of any divine thirty years ago."

"And you must remember that all the religious papers publish sermons in every issue, so that while volumes of sermons sell better than ever the amount of sermon-reading nowadays must be enormous."

TRAMWAYS BEATING TRAINS.

Another Railway Company Complains of Severe Competition in the Suburbs.

The complaint made by many other railway directors—that the competition of tramways has caused their receipts from London traffic to decrease—was repeated at the meeting of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company yesterday.

Sir Edward Pemberton told the shareholders that their gross receipts were some £11,000 less than for the first six months of 1904. There had been a large decrease in the number of passengers carried in the metropolitan districts where the competition of tramways was ever becoming keener.

It was evident, he said, they must look to the country districts as distinguished from the suburban for an increased revenue. He was afraid there were no indications of any immediate revival in trade, but there were some elements of a hopeful character in the accounts.

Their working expenses had decreased, and but for a rise of £8,500 in rates and taxes their net profits would have actually increased.

25 MILES FOR A PENNY.

Foreign Workmen Able To Travel Very Much More Cheaply Than English.

British workmen are treated far less generously by the railway companies than are the workmen of other countries.

From the report of the Select Committee on Workmen's Trains it appears that in Belgium a workman can travel eight miles and back for 2d., twenty-two miles and back for 3d., forty miles and back for 4d., and sixty-two miles and back for 5d. On most of the French railways by buying weekly tickets a workman can travel at the rate of five and a half miles and back for 14d.

In Great Britain the Great Eastern Railway Company gives the most generous terms, in one instance charging only 2d. for a return journey of ten and three-quarter miles.

On other lines the workman can for 2d. travel the following distances:—

Metropolitan Railway	7.77 miles and back
North London Railway	6.33 miles and back
Midland Railway	2.64 miles and back
London and North-Western Railway ..	2.45 miles and back
City and South London Railway	1.64 miles and back

"The reason why French and Belgian workmen are so favoured in the matter of travelling," explained a railway official yesterday, "is because in these countries the railways are either State-owned or else State-subsidised."

TOO SIMPLE FOR THIS WORLD.

"Do you believe everything you hear?" asked Mr. Plowden of Lady at the West London Police Court. She replied: "I don't think everyone is telling lies."

A supposed acquaintance of Mr. Plowden's had run into the lady's debt, and departed without paying. The magistrate was a job's comforter: "It's a very wicked world, and there is really no room in it for simple persons. You had better go to the police."

FORGIVING FATHER.

Letter to Signalman Whose Mistake Cost His Son's Life.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

The following letter, written this week by the Rev. Thomas Waugh, of Southport, whose son was killed in the recent railway disaster at Hall-road, to the signalman who has admitted responsibility for the accident, breathes a noble spirit of resignation and forgiveness on which it would be impertinent to comment:—

My dear friend—I do not know, but I can guess what you are suffering. I write to express my sympathy.

Your mistake has sent from my dear wife and me our first-born son, and our hearts are sad and sore. But it was a mistake; we all make mistakes, they are easy to make, and I want you to know that in our sore hearts there is nothing for you but forgiveness, sympathy, and prayer.

Please accept these words in their fullest meaning from a bereaved father and mother.

As I do not know you, I don't know if you are in safe fellowship with Christ, but I want to say that His loving comfort in our hearts is our support and cheer in this dark day.

We see through these tears and the dark cloud of our sorrow to the coming of our dear Lord, and in His presence we shall see our bonnie boy again.

He, too, loved the Lord, and oh! what a comfort this is to us this day.

I dare not preach to you, I cannot, but, oh! my brother, if you are as yet a stranger to His salvation and the peace He gives to His own, turn to him in your sorrow and pain; hard as your lot is now, if you let the pain to it be your path to Christ, with others, my wife and I, and our first-born will shake hands with you in joy in the morning of the "Home-land."—I am, yours in real sympathy and Christian love, THOMAS WAUGH (Rev.). Southport, July 31, 1905.

MISERABLE MILLIONAIRE.

Wife of Mr. Rockefeller Seriously Ill Through Attacks on His Business Methods.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

CLEVELAND, Tuesday.—The attacks made upon Mr. John D. Rockefeller, which have attracted such world-wide attention, have had a terrible effect upon the billionaire.

For some time past the anxiety caused by them has affected his health, and he refuses to leave his Cleveland estate through fears of violence. Now Mrs. Rockefeller, his constant and beloved companion, is lying seriously ill from a nervous affection, caused by brooding over the harsh criticisms of the manner in which the Rockefeller wealth has been amassed.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller are deeply and sincerely religious, and the discussions as to whether the billionaire's money ought to be accepted for religious purposes has affected them deeply. Mrs. Rockefeller is simple and retiring, caring nothing for dress, jewels, or any of the outward signs of wealth. Her charity and philanthropy are great, but she is one of the few who do good by stealth.

She makes frequent visits to the poor, and is a teacher of a Sunday-school class. Now these attacks have endangered her life.

STATE AGAINST STATE.

Yellow Fever Leads to Serious Dispute Between Mississippi and Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS, Wednesday.—Six more deaths from yellow fever and forty-two fresh cases of the disease are notified here.

Quarantine boats of Mississippi State have captured eight Louisiana fishing boats, immured the crews at Ship Island, and handed over the boats to a United States revenue cutter.

As a consequence a clash is threatened, the Louisianians asserting that the patrols invaded Louisiana territory. A correspondent states that a light draught boat armed with howitzers and manned by officers of the Naval Brigade, will be chartered to protect the rights of Louisianians.—Renter.

PROGRESS OF A FAILURE.

Unsecured liabilities of Mr. Grant Richards, the publisher, originally estimated by the Official Receiver at £36,495, have been increased to £38,995, owing to a new claim.

Mr. Richards asked for his discharge at the Bankruptcy Court yesterday, but the Registrar suspended it for two years.

SACKY OVERCOATS.

Heavy Garments Going Out of Fashion Through Traffic Improvements.

Overcoats, according to the "Tailor and Cutter," are rapidly becoming obsolete. The journal declares that the great extension of tramway services is rendering them unnecessary.

So far, however, the tailoring trade generally does not appear to have suffered, and the idea was laughed at yesterday by one of London's biggest clothiers.

"We expect faster and warmer tramways and electric railways to increase the sale of overcoats, instead of sounding the knell of that popular garment," stated this authority to the *Daily Mirror*.

"The theory upon which the overcoat dealers are stocking more heavily than usual is that a man emerging from a well-heated tramcar or tube feels the cold most keenly, and the overcoat becomes necessary at other seasons than mid-winter."

A tour of London's clothing companies elicited the fact that while the heavy overcoat was going out of fashion the total number of overcoats worn in London this year would be larger than usual.

"With the thermometer at 80deg. in the shade, we have started work on 20,000 winter overcoats," said one dealer. "I attribute the passing of the very heavy coat to the exceptional mildness of the last five winters, and to the fact that people have learned to wear warmer underwear."

The popular coat for general wear for the coming season will be fairly long and very loose and sacky. Tweeds and chevrons in mixtures of greens and browns will be the favourite fabrics."

FAIR AMPHIBIAN.

Miss Kellerman Impatient to Plunge Into a Raging Sea.

After her three days' practice swim of nearly forty miles from Dover to Margate, Miss Annette Kellerman has been compelled by her father, who is her trainer, to take a couple of days' rest.

It goes against the grain, though. This Colonial girl of nineteen summers, who is going to attempt the stupendous task of swimming the English Channel for the *Daily Mirror* trophy in a few days' time, does not like remaining out of the water very long.

Miss Kellerman looked out at the white-topped waves yesterday. "You can't go out this morning," said her father.

"Why not?" she demanded calmly. "You don't suppose I'll drown, do you?"

But Mr. Kellerman was obdurate. "You must rest to-day, Annette," he declared wisely.

The girl's physique is marvellous. She has felt not the slightest effect from the three days' hard work. Her limbs are as supple as though she had swum but four instead of forty miles.

Each day she grows more and more fit. Eagerly she is looking forward to the minute when she will attempt to enter the water at Dover for the great attempt.

THE MANY UNFIT.

Physician Urges More Stringent Control of the Mentally Deficient.

Dr. Bedford Pierce, medical superintendent of the Retreat at York, and formerly casualty physician at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, told the Royal Commission on the Feeble-Minded yesterday that we were wrong in our treatment of the feeble-minded.

It did not require, he said, special experience, in the pathology of criminals to realise that there were many persons with mental weakness who became inmates of our prisons under the present system. Cases such as Totie Fay and Jane Cakehead were apter instances.

Children who had exhibited marked mental deficiency at school should not be allowed, he urged, to go freely into the world until there was reason to believe that the mental deficiency had disappeared.

He also advocated the prevention of the marriage of the unfit, and the exclusion of the reckless in respect to marriage, which pervaded all classes, had a great deal to do with the production of the unfit. It was a widespread opinion that marriage might prevent insanity. There was little or no evidence in support of this theory.

Secure a copy of 'Answers' To-day

And carry it with you

-- on the Beach at --

RAMSGATE.

It may bring you a £5 Note!

THIS WEEK'S - -

'ANSWERS'

IS ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

THE "SEASIDE GIRL." LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Closing Letters of a Very Interesting Correspondence.

WHY NOT "SUMMER BOYS"?

Although we continue to receive numbers of letters on the subject of seaside holiday flirtations, there is little in them that is fresh, so we now bring the correspondence to a close. An article on the lessons to be drawn from it will be found on page 7.

SUMMER GIRL WHO DID GOOD.

I have read each morning with interest your columns on the "Summer Girl," and should like to express my opinion on the subject.

I used to be always getting into mischief. Some time ago I met (without introduction) a "Summer Girl," and I may faithfully say that this chance meeting has been very beneficial to me, and perhaps has saved my character.

This girl is one out of thousands, and she has led me from bad to good, and from good to better.

I have only recently realised what the "Summer Girl" has done for me, and I am very thankful, and after this I shall not agree with anybody who denounces her. **SAVED BY A SUMMER GIRL.**

"THUS FAR AND NO FURTHER."

As one who has travelled half round the world and seen life in many countries, permit me to say a few words on the subject of "Summer Girls."

There is certainly something to be said in favour of summer flirtations and much to deplore. If a girl meets a man at the seashore, and he is to all intents and purposes a gentleman, surely there cannot be any great harm in her speaking to and walking with him during their holiday, but it should go no further until each has returned home, and then, if still attracted to each other, there is no reason why the acquaintanceship should not continue and a happy marriage ensue.

I maintain that a girl who speaks to a man she has not been formally introduced to is not necessarily a flirt or likely to make an undesirable wife. Many girls have no other opportunity of meeting men. Especially is this the case of an only child living with a widowed mother.

For the girl who allows a man to kiss her after a few meetings I have only detestation. **ELSE.**

GIRLS NOT ANXIOUS FOR MARRIAGE.

I do not understand why men cannot enjoy the society of girls without imagining everyone they meet is in love with them, or their "comfortable home."

Directly a girl shows a friendly interest in a man, he goes off with the idea that she is "trying hard to get him to marry her."

He is quite mistaken. Girls are not so eager. They are quite able to get comfortable homes without being burdened with conceited man. **PANZY.**

THE SUMMER BOY.

I cannot see why the epithet "Summer Girl" should be applied to the type under discussion, which appears to disgust the community at large. Such girls behave in the same way all the year round.

No girl with any self-respect would allow a comparatively strange man to pretend to be in love with her, and no man worthy of the name would do so. Real love within twenty-four hours seems to me incredible.

The high-collared ogling creature, whom we might call the "Summer Boy," is nearly as objectionable as the flirting girl, but to assume that he is the type of English manhood would be preposterous. Why, then, should the "Summer Girl" be taken as the standard? **AN ENGLISH GIRL.**

Northampton-square.

"QUICK-COME QUICK-GO."

I have no patience with the wisecracks who raise their hands and turn up their eyes in virtuous horror at the "on-goings" of the modern girl at the seaside.

I think the sea air gets into the blood and intoxicates one. Love at first sight—a very serious affair for a few weeks. Tender leave-takings and promises to write every day.

But heyday! Business and the prosaic routine of town drive all the romance away. The "summer girl" is a dream—a very pleasant recollection, though.

If you wonder whether she is pining for you and breaking her heart, take a trip back to the coast, and there you will find her just as devoted as ever—but to somebody else!

The "summer girl" is all right. She knows how to take care of herself and her heart. She needs no pity. Bless her! **CLAUDE.**

Streatham Hill.

TO PLAN YOUR HOLIDAYS WELL YOU NEED THE "Daily Mirror" Holiday Resort Guide.

It tells everything—Where to Go, How to Get There, Where to Stay.

THREEPENCE—EVERYWHERE.

Guessing the weight of a ham at sixpence a guess was one of the competitions at a garden-party at Roxby Vicarage. The vicar, Rev. H. C. Ker, has now been fined sixpence at Southport (Lincolnshire) for raffling. He pleaded guilty in ignorance.

Another delay of an hour was caused on the District Railway yesterday through an electric train stopping in the tunnel near Victoria, and passengers had to resort to other means of getting to their places of business.

No settlement has been arrived at in the Hemsworth Colliery dispute, by which 4,500 persons are affected, and nearly 200 miners are to be evicted from their homes on Monday.

Colonel Lucas yesterday gave notice to introduce a Bill in the next session of Parliament to prohibit the granting of licences to foreigners to act as pilots in British ports.

Blackberries promise this season to be the largest crop on record. In the Bleau Woods, near Canterbury, the fruits are the finest of their class ever seen.

Whilst swimming in a race at the Barnsley Baths, Charles Depledge, of Pontefract, threw up his arms and sank. He died on being taken from the water.

Mr. John Spinks, of Lady-lane, Norwich, who has just celebrated his hundredth birthday, enjoys good health and smokes a pipe of tobacco daily.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Mr. H. M. Pryce-Jones, Coldstream Guards, youngest son of Sir Pryce Pryce-Jones, who is to be married to-day to—



—Miss Vere Dawnay, younger daughter of Colonel the Hon. Lewis and Lady Victoria Dawnay (Thomson.)

To-day the Metropolitan Asylums Board will consider a proposal to provide motor-ambulances for London.

The Army Council notify that they cannot sanction the grant of a medal for the Mashonaland Expedition of 1890.

Dr. Edmund Warre, late headmaster of Eton, is to be presented by his "Old Boys" with a 15-h.p. Rolls-Royce motor-car fitted with a luxurious carriage-body to open or close.

Born and converted at Misterton, near Gainsborough, a Wesleyan minister first became local preacher, first entered the ministry, first became pastor, and has now married—all in his native village.

Derry has just witnessed a pathetic spectacle. A young factory girl had died suddenly, and her coffin was carried through the streets to the cemetery by relays of young women who had worked with her.

Major-General Lord Chylesmore, Mayor of Westminster, and chairman of the National Rifle Association, late of the Grenadier Guards, has been selected for the honorary colonelcy of the Victoria and St. George's 1st Middlesex Rifles.

By a strange coincidence the White Star liner *Medic* left the Mersey the other day for Australia on the same date and within half an hour of the time at which she left six years ago to inaugurate the new service, which, in the meantime, has proved so successful.

CAN YOU SEE YOURSELF?

To-day at Margate and Southend
Eight Half-Guineas Are
Given Away.

LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS.

To-day in Margate and Southend your copy of the *Daily Mirror* may be worth half a guinea to you.

Yesterday our photographers took at Margate and Southend groups of holiday-makers. Can you see yourself in either of these groups, which appear on page 9?

If you can, write to the *Daily Mirror* and you may get half a guinea.

What you have to do is this. Look at either the Margate or Southend picture on page 9, and if you are one of the persons in the photograph mark yourself with a cross, write your name and address on the spaces provided below the groups, put it into an envelope, and send it to the *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., then

£30,000,000 SUNK.

Romance of Treasure Ship Buried
In Scottish Bay.

The Duke of Argyll is the chief mover in the remarkable effort now being made in Tobermory Bay, Isle of Mull, to discover the Spanish treasure ship, the *Florida*, which sank there in 1588, with, it is reported, £30,000,000 treasure on board.

The vessel engaged in the search has been specially fitted out by his Grace, and operations, promising the most successful results, are being actively pursued by a large staff of divers.

The sand-sucking pump has already penetrated deep down into the silted material—the collection of centuries—and has brought to the surface muskets, sword blades, scabbards, human bones, and, lastly, during the past few days, some of the many thousands of gold pieces believed to be buried there.

How this *Florida*, the treasure ship of the mighty Armada, sank in the harbour of Tobermory is a chapter in the world's romance.

What a Feud Led to.

Its fate arose from the fighting instincts of Sir Lauchlan Maclean, chief of the House of Duard. Sir Lauchlan had trouble with the Clan Ronald and the Clan Ian, and disputes in those days were not settled in the Law Courts.

King James heard of the bloodshed, summoned Sir Lauchlan before him, but as Sir Lauchlan unfortunately mislaid the invitation, his Majesty had him proclaimed a rebel.

The chief of the House of Duard still thirsted for revenge against the two clans that had caused him trouble, and when he heard of the appearance of the *Florida* off the coast, he supplied the Spaniards with provisions in exchange for the loan of 100 of the *Florida's* men, with whom he infested one of the Clan Ian castles.

Just when he was gaining a victory the Spaniards were peremptorily withdrawn. He was deprived of his revenge. So angered was Sir Lauchlan that he retained three Spanish officers as guarantees for the payment of his provisions, and sent a Madcap, of Morvern, to the *Florida* to conduct overtures on his behalf.

The infuriated Spaniards made Maclean of Morvern a prisoner, and threatened him with death if he attempted to escape. One night the imprisoned Scotchman found his way to the powder magazine, laid a train, and on the following day fired the ship.

With its large crew and millions of treasure the pride of the Armada sank beneath the waters of the Scottish bay.

CAPEL COURT CHEERFUL.

With the Political Barometer Rising the Stock Exchange Advances Prices.

CAPEL COURT, Friday Evening.—The Stock Exchange has a liking for the unexpected. Properly speaking the recent show of dullness had promised a heavy close before the holidays. It is just what did not happen. The political barometer is rising, the market thinks. Oyster Bay no longer has its terrors. President Roosevelt is hopeful, and all the rest of it. It certainly helps prices very much indeed.

The revival was fairly general, save, perhaps, in *Kaffirs*, which nowadays do not count. Japanese securities had a lift, the new scrip rose to 1½ premium, and the market took a generally hopeful view of Japanese securities.

Apparently the Paris Bourse is getting over any effects of the sugar difficulties.

In the Home Railway market there was quite a revival. A reduction in the Midland dividend had been looked for, but the dividend was maintained. This gave an impetus to the stocks of the leading lines, and even caused Great Western to recover from the effects of their disappointing distribution. Then, just before the close of business, came an eye-opener in the North-Western also managing to maintain its dividend, despite the loss of traffic. This gave a further fillip to the leading stocks, and caused North-Westerns to make a very sharp recovery to 152.

The prospectus of the Nova Scotia Eastern Railway is to be issued next week, where there will be offered for subscription £490,000 of 5 per cent. First Mortgage bonds secured upon the undertaking, property and assets of the company. A sinking fund policy is to be effected with the Norwich Union Life Insurance Company to provide for the redemption of the bonds in fifty years' time.

DON'T FAIL

TO GET

'The Daily Report'

1½d. On Sale Everywhere. 1½d.

IT WILL PAY YOU.

if you are one of the four persons we have selected we will forward you 10s. 6d. by return of post. The Editor's decision in all cases must be final.

To-day our photographers are taking pictures of holiday crowds enjoying themselves at

BLACKPOOL and YARMOUTH.

These pictures will appear on Monday, and prizes of half a guinea each will be awarded to four selected persons in the crowd at Blackpool and four at Yarmouth.

Photographs of crowds will be taken at nearly all the big seaside resorts, including:—

Aberystwyth.	Fellistowe.	Rhyl.
Bournemouth.	Illey.	Skegness.
Bridlington.	Fleetwood.	Southport.
Brighton.	Folkestone.	Southsea.
Broadstairs.	Hastings and St.	Southold.
Caclton.	Leonards.	St. Anne.
Cleethorpes.	Hunstanton.	Weston.
Cromer.	Ilfracombe.	Super-Mare.
Deal.	Lowestoft.	Weymouth.
Dover.	Morecambe.	Whitby.
Eastbourne.	Ramsgate.	Worthing.

The prize-winners, to each of whom 10s. 6d. has been sent, in the competitions at Herne Bay and Llandudno are as follows:—

LLANDUDNO.

Miss Florence Pringle, Limes, Chelmsford-road, South Woodford.

E. R. Roberts, Pier, Llandudno.

Phyllis Muriel Anderson, 2, Belgrave-road, Rathmines, Dublin.

John W. Ellison, Empire Hotel, Llandudno; or, Fresco, Loampt Hill, Lewisham, S.E.

HERNE BAY.

Miss Baker, Glencoe, Marina-crescent, Herne-Bay.

James G. W. Turner, 18, Underdown-street, Herne Bay.

Mrs. Edith Herring, 11, Underdown-terrace, Herne Bay.

A. H. Norfolk, Saxby House, Telford-terrace, Herne Bay.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
12, WHITEFRIARS STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2190 Holborn.
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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1905.

WHAT THE "SUMMER GIRL" LETTERS HAVE TAUGHT.

THE correspondence about Seaside Holiday Flirtations, which we bring to a close to-day, after being bombarded with letters on the subject for three weeks, has made several things clear.

One is that the Summer Girl, who is so great a success in America, is not held in the same esteem in this country. The reason for that seems to lie in the fact that American young men are quite willing to devote themselves to the service of a young woman without expecting anything of her in return.

The American Summer Girl does not "spoon." She would be indignant if she were expected to yield her lips to kisses or to submit to the pressure of a manly arm. She and her Summer Boy are simply great friends.

They may flirt a little—flirting is such an elastic, indefinable term. But they do not play at love-making. There is little sentiment in their relations, and sentimentality is absent altogether.

There are plenty of cases of this kind over here, but one gathers from the letters published (and still more from some of those not published) that they are the exception and not the rule.

Another thing made clear, therefore, is that flirting in the advanced sense is regarded with favour by a very large number of young women in this country. They see no harm in kisses lightly exchanged. "Love on a fortnight's lease" is not repugnant to them. They fall in and out of love (or think they do) as easily as a fly gets in and out of the jam-pot.

Sometimes or other, though, the fly gets caught. His struggles are desperate, but his feet are firmly fixed. The sticky substance holds him tight. So it is generally with a flirt. She has come off heart-whole every other time, but there comes a day when she knows what misery means, and then she very likely turns into a soured, ill-natured old maid.

A further lesson of the correspondence is that which was forced upon our readers earlier in the year—that the opportunities for young men and women to meet and make friends are far too few. It is this which leads to the "informal introductions," of which we have heard so much, often quite harmless, but sometimes, unfortunately, very much the reverse.

A great deal of laudable effort is expended nowadays in establishing and keeping up working men's clubs. It looks as if joint clubs for young men and women of a different class were just as much, and perhaps even more, a need of the age.

E. B.

THE BURDEN OF LUGGAGE.

Fathers and mothers of families going away, even for a short holiday, have the beginning and the end of it made a perfect nightmare by—luggage.

Not by packing. That is simple enough. Their troubles begin when they have to load up cabs to go to the station. From that moment until they reach their final destination (I do not mean the grave, it is not so bad as that) Peace-of-mind is a stranger to them.

Everywhere else luggage is disposed of so simply. You send it to the station, you receive a check, you see no more of it till the end of your journey. You then give a porter the check, tell him where you are staying, and presently the luggage turns up.

There are no pyramids of boxes on the platforms, no fuss, no anxiety. All that is necessary is done discreetly apart. The passenger is freed from the bustle and the "by your leaves" which make English stations so uncomfortable. How long will it be before our dead-alive railway companies decide to deal sensibly with luggage, to make travelling less of a discomfort and a pain?

F.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"Homme chiche, jamais riche,"
Always niggardly, always poor.
—French Proverb.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY sees the opening of the Cowes season, for although many people have been there for some days past, the season cannot be said to be properly opened until the arrival of the King and Queen. When to-day the royal yacht *Victoria* and *Albert* is seen making its way across from Portsmouth Harbour, Cowes will at once assume a gala aspect. All the yachts in the roadstead will dress ship, the guards of the guardship will be manned, and a royal salute will be fired. When this is over the guns of the Royal Yacht Squadron will take up the salute, and immediately afterwards the commodore and vice-commodore, Lord Ormonde and the Duke of Leeds, will proceed in a *gig*, accompanied by Captain Parsons, the secretary of the Royal Yacht Squadron, to the *Victoria* and *Albert* and bid the King and Queen welcome.

Lord and Lady Iveagh arrived at their villa some days ago, and will entertain a few friends, not only on land, but on the new yacht *Cetonia II.*, which is to take part in the race for the King's Cup on Tuesday. Lady Gort's party—or, rather, her first batch of visitors, arrive to-day, and remain till Wednesday, when other guests

good fortune than has fallen to him. He has seldom had anything but good luck. Once when he was at Eton, however, he nearly died of a mysterious fever—one of the newspapers, in fact, actually reported his death. Even after he had recovered, I was told that he suffered from a weakness in the muscles of one leg, which makes it difficult for him to indulge as much as he would like in his favourite sport of riding.

When people who happen to be alive and well see their deaths reported in a paper they usually get very indignant. That is unreasonable, because such a report gives a man a precious opportunity of discovering the real sentiments of the world in regard to him. Still, to read one's own obituary may give one an unpleasant chill. The most amusing story told in connection with such mistakes was about the editor of an Italian paper, who boasted that he never had to contradict a statement once made in his columns. One day he announced that a well-known member of Roman society had committed suicide by hanging himself.

The next morning, at the office of the paper, arrived the indignant Conte di R—. He de-

a few years ago called "Songs of Lucilla," and the critics of minor verse, those sorely-tried people, recognized an originality in these even when the poems were not beyond reproach.

French actors seem to be making up for the dullness of August in Paris by engaging in strenuous litigation with their managers. The latest to get into difficulties is M. Mounet-Sully, who holds at the *Théâtre Français* a position analogous to that of Mme. Bartet—he is, that is to say, the leading actor, while she is the leading actress of the company. M. Mounet-Sully has actually written a play, and he intends to act the chief part in it himself. Unfortunately he had promised the piece to the manager of a theatre in which he is not allowed to act, and now intends to withdraw it without any compensation from him, and to play it at the *State Theatre* instead.

Everything that happens to M. Mounet-Sully is of interest to Parisians. He is essentially a French actor—violent, with a roaring voice, wearing unkempt crinies have likened to that of a bull. He and his brother, M. Paul Mounet, live in a finely-situated apartment in the Latin Quarter, in view of the Luxembourg Gardens. There, during first performances in which the brothers happen to be appearing at the *Théâtre Français*, Mmes. Mounet-Sully and Paul Mounet remain trembling with anxiety, and receive, from moment to moment, messages from the theatre as to the success of the play in progress, and the reception of their respective husbands in it.

Canon Hensley Henson's interesting disquisition in yesterday's "Times" on the subject of the great Florentine preacher Savonarola, suggests that there may be an affinity between the modern and the medieval reformers. Canon Henson often raises his voice in warning after the manner of the Florentine, and his gaunt, ascetic face reminds one a little of the latter's portraits. Canon Henson is young to hold an important position in London. It is said that when the late Lord Salisbury appointed him an old lady expressed her surprise by saying, "Just fancy! why his father was Lord Salisbury's coachman." People who heard were still more astonished than she until they realised that she meant, not coachman, but coach.

Lady Gort will entertain two different sets of guests at East Cowes Castle next week, the first contingent arriving on Saturday and staying till Wednesday, when a fresh set will arrive. The garden-party which Lady Gort intends giving in honour of the French fleet will be one of the events of the week.

PEOPLE I AM TIRED OF.

No. I.—The Hairdresser.

YOU enter his shop with a dull foreboding. To have one's hair cut is a tedious process, only less painful than to have teeth pulled out. You know that he will make it even more tedious than it naturally is.

You sit down in a chair situated in a place fitted to your temperament, your instinct, and your lumbago. Straightway he takes you from it and begs you to sit elsewhere.

Then the intolerable string of questions begins. Will you have your hair cut short, or left long? Or merely trimmed? Or singed? Or waved? Is not the weather reasonable for the time of year?

You answer his questions in monosyllables, and he is reduced to making curiously offensive observations about your hair. "Very thin on the top, sir." "I know." "Very dry." "I like it like that." Then he offers you his well-known coloured water, for which he asks ten shillings, and which is at once refused.

For the rest he spends his moments in pounding you on the head, offering the excuse that he is "only exciting the follicles." He pierces you behind the ear with sharp instruments. He runs miniature mowing machines over your skull. He scours icy streams of hideously odorous nostrums down the nape of your neck.

The best way to discourage this is that adopted recently by a distinguished City merchant, whose temper has been worn away by long years in Throgmorton-street. He, in entering, has a habit of saying to the hairdresser these winged words:—"I don't want to be singed, I don't want to be shampooed—and if you offer me any of your infernal lotions I'll put your head under the tap."

THE GRUMBLER.

IN MY GARDEN.

AUGUST 4.—Yesterday's rain, followed by fiful sunshine, has made garden flowers, lawns, and trees things of perfect beauty.

The lovely pentstemons, with drooping red to purple flowers, are in full bloom. Though sometimes not hardy in heavy soils, these splendid plants should be grown by everyone, even if they have to be replenished each spring. Yellow and pink sedums (much frequented by bees) are pretty in semi-wild spots.

Hills and commons, carpets of rich purple, are not to be imitated in the garden; but a clump of white heather on the rockery is a source of delight to one's friends.

E. F. T.

DO THEY REALLY WANT PEACE?



The much-talked-of Peace Conference opens in America to-day. The general impression is that Russia and Japan are neither of them seriously anxious to end the war, and the Tsar's bellicose utterances since he met the Kaiser certainly do not suggest that Russia will accept Japan's terms. Still, it is possible that Peace may be called in after all.

take their places. Baroness Eckhardstein will not be on her husband's yacht after all, as she is not at all well, but Baron Eckhardstein will be there, and with Count Albert Mensdorff will entertain a few friends on board.

Mrs. Potter Palmer has been installed for some few days past at Egypt House, and it is said that Mrs. Arthur Paget is to be amongst her guests, but this is hardly likely, as it is rather a tiresome journey for her to undertake with its many changes. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Baring have a small party, as usual, at Nubia Cottage and Lady Dorchester at Hemlet Lodge, and Mr. and Mrs. John Gretton will alike receive visitors for the week.

It is not often that August sees a society event as important as the marriage of Lord Hyde, the eldest son of the Earl of Clarendon, with Miss Verena Somers-Cocks, which takes place at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street, to-day. A great many friends and relatives are coming to town for the occasion. Lord Hyde's father has been so long connected with the Court as Lord Chamberlain that he knows everybody of social importance in England, and "Bertie" as Lord Hyde's friends call him is himself one of the most popular young men here.

It is most remarkable that he should have remained so unspoil as he has done, seeing that many older men's heads have been turned by less

manded a contradiction of the rumour. "Nonsense," said the editor calmly, "the rumour is true." The Count pointed out that he was the subject of it—alive and vigorous, and insisted. The editor looked at him to make quite sure that he was not a ghost. Then he said: "I never contradict a report published in my paper. All that I can do is to say that the rope with which you tried to hang yourself broke and that you are now in excellent health." And with that the Count was dismissed.

Interesting to readers of the letters on "Cruel Sport" which have been appearing in the *Daily Mirror* is the announcement that Lord Tolleremache has become president of the Society for the Suppression of Steel Traps—the barbarous instruments which one of our correspondents condemned only the other day. Lord Tolleremache only came into his title a few months ago, and he is quite one of the youngest members of the House of Lords. He married the present Lady Tolleremache, who is a vice-president of the society, when he was only eighteen, but his family are supposed to be fond of making early marriages.

Thus, the first Lord Tolleremache married when he was twenty; his son when he was twenty-one. It is worth noticing, too, that each of these marriages brought great wealth into the family. The present peer's sister is, by the way, a poetess. She issued an anonymous volume

NEWS by PHOTOGRAPHS

SOCIAL FAVOURITE MARRIED IN YORKSHIRE.



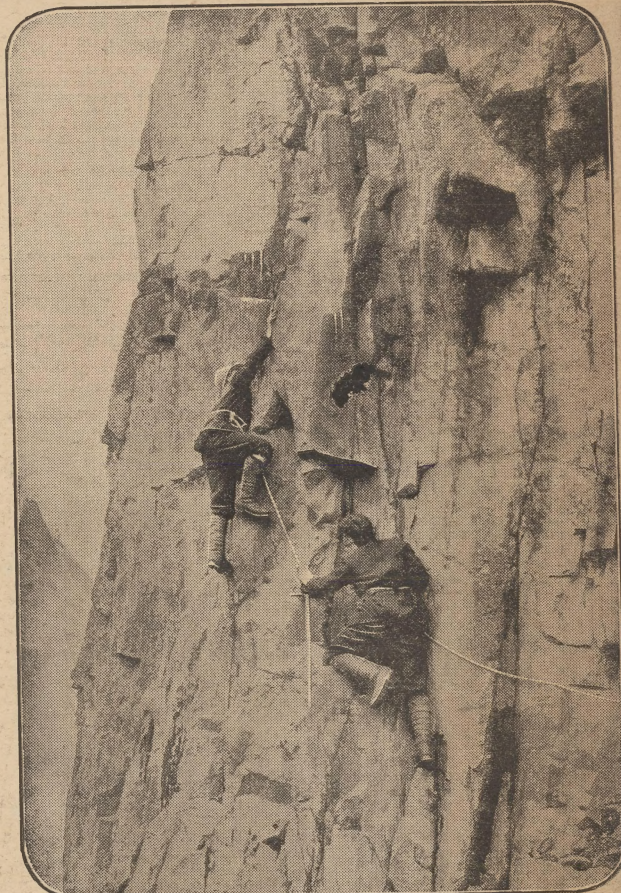
Mr. Eric Chaplin and his bride, the beautiful Miss Gwladys Wilson, after their wedding in the parish church at Warter, Yorkshire. The bridegroom is the son of the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, M.P., and Miss Wilson is the youngest daughter of Mr. Chas. Wilson, M.P.

"UMBRELLA DAY" AT GOODWOOD.



Goodwood's summer brilliance suffered a sudden eclipse when the rain came pelting down steadily for an hour or two. Light suits and gay costumes gave place to sober waterproof garments, and the umbrellas made the course resemble an unusually rich field of a new kind of mushroom, as may be seen in our photograph.

PERILS OF THE ALPES



Furious storms followed the spell of semi-tropical heat in many Alpine districts, and under favourable conditions, the perils of Alpine mountain climbing are such as might be reproduced; but when the snow is made even more treacherous than usual by exceptional winds, the great mountains of Switzerland claim a heavy toll of human life from those

LPS

How climbing accidents happen



result has been a series of terribly fatal accidents within the last few days. Even appal any but the most fearless, as is shown by the remarkable set of photographs east, and violent wind storms are added to the more normal difficulties of the climber, enough to attempt to conquer them.—(Photographs, G. P. Abraham.)

CAMERAGRAPHS

IS YOUR PORTRAIT IN THESE GROUPS?



Name

Address

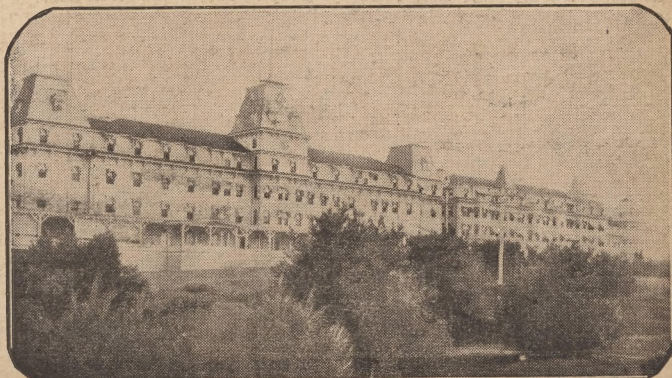


Name

Address

If you appear in either of these photographs mark your portrait distinctly with an X and write your name and address plainly in the space provided beneath the picture. Then send it in to the *Daily Mirror*, and if you are one of the four people we have selected in each group you will receive half a guinea. The upper group was photographed at Margate and the lower one at Southend. Full particulars of this competition will be found on page 6.

WHERE THE PEACE ENVOYS ARE STAYING.



Wentworth Hotel, Portsmouth, U.S.A., where M. Witte and Baron Komura, the Russian and Japanese plenipotentiaries, are staying with their suites during the peace negotiations.

WHILE MOTHER IS AT WORK.

Help Wanted To Look After Poor
Little Neglected Babies.

By the COUNTESS OF KINNOULL.

I want to plead with a generous public for the babies and tiny children of mean streets?

Surely it must go home to the very heart of every happy mother who loves her own winsome, crawling baby that for some reason or other England is killing off her babies at the rate of 140 per 1,000 births.

To the statesman that has meaning as a loss of so much labour-producing capacity for the next generation. But to the world of women it just goes straight home as meaning that 140 "little scraps to kiss and cuddle" die before they toddle their first steps or prattle their first words, and as meaning that out of every 1,000 mothers 140 are left with big, lonely, aching places in their hearts.

And the explanation of it? Everyone admits that one of the primary causes is the enormous amount of married woman's labour, allied to the wholly inadequate provision for caring for the infants of the bread-winning mothers while they work.

The recent report of the L.C.C. emphasises that while Paris has crèche accommodation for one baby of every 1,000 of the population, London can only offer open arms to one in every 2,500.

The committee of "Day Nurseries for the Children of Working Mothers" exists to remedy this to the utmost of its power. We want to plant these "day nurseries" numerously throughout the metropolis in those neighbourhoods in which woman-employment makes them most necessary.



Countess of Kinnoull. (Lafayette.)

We want to save a great many of the "140 per 1,000" who now die largely through the want of mother-care arising from mother-employment.

Still more, we want to make life a gladder, happier thing to the still larger proportion of the 1,000 babies who, instead of dying, just live on, falling into diseased, deteriorated, dwarfed physical conditions which must inevitably curse them through all their after years, crippling their careers, and debilitating their mental and moral susceptibilities.

Every one of us shivered the other day to hear of the tiny girl of four left locked up in a room for thirty-six hours in charge of a brother one size larger. We shivered, because one of them died. Can we never begin our shivering until the line of tragedy is crossed and the poor mite beyond our help?

THREE WAYS OF DESTRUCTION.

There are three principal ways in which "we Londoners" let our babies live (and die) in London's mean streets. Either we lock them up in doors, and for hours, cry as they may, no adult goes near them; or we lock them out of doors, where they roll in the gutter, crawl under the counter-barricades, and forage for themselves as do mice and sparrows.

Or, if we have the pence wherewith to do it, we pay a neighbour to look after them, the cost and result of this method being—various, according to the nature of the neighbour!

There is a fourth alternative—the way we don't care for them (but we might)—having them in clean, bright day-nurseries in charge of kindly, trained nurses, under constant supervision and inspection. In such nurseries, with a wisely-ordered system of feeding, a generous supply of playthings, and an ample provision of clean mattresses for sleepy hours, the baby-life of London would be a happier thing. And the adult-life of England would, consequently, be a healthier and more useful thing.

The committee has just opened the first of its nurseries, with which the *Daily Mirror* kindly dealt some few days since; but now we want to

open many others, seven of the metropolitan boroughs having no crèche accommodation at all. But we haven't any money with which to do it. And we want £1,000—we want it for London's little babies! I feel sure the *Daily Mirror* readers will not let me ask them to help me in vain.

Everybody can help, even children. The *Daily Mirror* has kindly offered to print collecting cards for boys and girls to get filled up with subscriptions, and I will give prizes to the boy and girl who collect most.

It is just the work for children in holiday-time. Who will join me in helping these poor hard-working mothers and their babies?

MARY KINNOULL.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

A Hunting Man's Ingenious Defence of "Cruel Sport."

Cruelty is comparative. It is cruel to kill a wasp, but it is better to do that than let it sting a baby.

It is cruel to hunt foxes and hares, I admit. Yet I do it. Why? Here is my case:

I am at work in the City all the week. On Saturdays I can take exercise. The best exercise for me is hunting—the only exercise which really keeps me well and strong.

Should I give up hunting because of the cruelty? Is not my health of as much importance as a little animal's happiness? Is it not of more importance? That is my defence. WARNFORD COURT.

You are quite right about our sports inflicting as much pain and distress upon animals as bull-fighting does, but I do not think they have the same degrading effect.

It is "looking-on" that degrades. English sports all call forth the activities of those who take part in them. This makes a great deal of difference. A HUNTING RECTOR.

Harrogate.

Will Mr. Woodruffe be kind enough to state where and when and at what club (if any) he witnessed pigeons blown to pieces?

I should be greatly obliged by an answer by post or through your valuable little paper.

J. HARTWELL.

33, Station-road, Chingford, Essex.

"WHY DO MEN SHAVE?"

I cannot let "W. H. S.'s" letter in to-day's issue pass without a word of dissent. Personally, I would not marry a man who clean-shaven if he were the only man in the world.

I consider it a sign of the effeminacy and degeneration of the modern young man as opposed to the masculinity and forwardness of the modern young woman. They are both a reversal of the original and natural types of the sexes—strength and courage in the one, gentleness and modesty in the other.

From time immemorial hair on the face has been considered a sign of manhood. WORTHING.

BOARD SCHOOL MANNERS AND ENGLISH.

There are many others besides "Board school" children who fail at times to uncover their heads when they should do so. I know one of H.M. Inspectors who invariably keeps his hat on when walking through a school.

Your correspondent, "E. P. Bailey," who quotes "some specimens of pronunciation" from Walworth, must be of quite a simple turn of mind if he thinks that the Walworthian manner of speech is in any way attributable to the defective teaching of the "Board schools." As well tell me that the ridiculous drawl and pedantic pronunciation of many of our clergy emanate from the inferior teaching of our public schools and colleges.

Plumstead.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

LORD ALVERSTONE AND SIXPENNY BOOKS.

I have read your remarks in criticism of some sentence alleged to have been used by Lord Alverstone in opening the free library at Sandown. You charge Lord Alverstone with talking about "sixpenny fling-through-the-window rubbish."

Justice to the lordship I should like to say that the word "rubbish" was not used at all. His lordship said that he hoped the library committee would give people an opportunity of reading "some of the good standard novels and romances of the last sixty or seventy or hundred years, so that they may have an opportunity of informing their minds on good fiction instead of only reading slipshod throw-out-of-the-window publications, which I am afraid too many of them are fond of studying."

I have no doubt that Lord Alverstone is prepared to stand by what he actually said.

E. G. MEDLEY.

Clarendon-road, Shanklin, I.W.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

THE MARRIAGE MARKET, by Mrs. George Corbett. A very amusing account of the machinations of a society woman who constitutes herself a "go-between" in the matrimonial market and provides rich girls for poor husbands, or vice versa, for a consideration. The Robinson Printing Company.

HIS MASCOT, by L. T. Meade. An account of a lady-companion's temptations, and the way in which she learns, after much adversity, that poverty is preferable to riches surreptitiously gained. An ordinary novel set forth in a melodramatic manner. John Long, 6s.

ONE FALSE STEP.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after a University career. He is to be given a start in commercial life by the great Vincent Devenish—the chance of a lifetime. His one false step is the removal from Devenish's table of some banknotes, which he fingers out of curiosity, and has not time to replace before Eve Daintree enters the room.

TOM MAYFIELD.—An old schoolfellow of Frank Chester's, heavily in debt. He has been entrusted with the notes by Chester, and promises to return them for him. But he mysteriously disappears, and is discovered at last, suffering from complete loss of memory, by some workmen. He has now been heard of in Liverpool.

QUEENIE MAYFIELD.—Tom's sister. An orphan. She has started in business as a florist and table decorator, in which she is succeeding. In love with Chester, and beloved by Mordant, who entraps her in a house where she supposes a party to take place. In the course of a scene with him she falls and cuts herself.

DEXTER.—The obsequious, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish. Has Chester in his power, owing to the fact that he has replaced the money which through the former's fault is missing from Devenish's room.

EVE DAINTREE.—The young widowed daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heir to his wealth. Considered as a possible wife for Chester.

HESPER MORDANT.—Stockbroker, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed. Close friends with Dexter. Has offered to lend Queenie money.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—Of the Blue Star Line. A commercial and financial magnate.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It was late evening when Chester reached London from Liverpool, and drove to Devenish House. His journey had been one long attempt at self-analysis, punctuated by conscience-stabs. He was conscious of a certain dualism in his nature; a dualism represented on the one hand by Eve Daintree, and on the other by Queenie Mayfield. He realised now that the one woman had intoxicated his senses, and that the other appealed to a higher, purer side of his nature. It was the world-old antagonism of the flesh and the spirit. There was nothing gross in the man's nature; but he was human. The pity of it was that the mirage had not been dispelled sooner; that the true life-revealing glimpse as mirage, had been so late in its dawning. But the man's strong sense of honour forbade the contemplation of breaking off his engagement. The worldly advisability of avoiding such a step did not enter into his consideration.

His sensations were strange indeed when the manservant ushered him into the reception-room where Eve awaited his coming. She was alone. At sight of her the old throbb thrilled his being.

As the door closed on the servant, she came towards Chester, expectantly. She yielded herself to his embrace, an impassioned woman from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. She disclaimed to disguise her feelings now.

"At last!" she murmured. "You seem to have been away ages."

The old throb pulsed in his veins. Yet he was conscious of something else besides the fact that he clasped Eve in his arms. Such a consciousness in the past had been unknown to him.

Formerly she had possessed the power to obliterate all other thoughts but those of herself, and she held her other thoughts; yet his thoughts wandered—wandered to Liverpool.

"I have been quite lonely without you, Frank."

"But you understood what kept me, Eve."

"Quite."

"I waited till Mayfield was out of danger."

"But I understood. There is no need to explain."

It was quite characteristic of you. I should have felt very guilty had you left your friend to come to me."

"And your father?"

Her beautiful face became grave. Vincent Devenish was down again. She explained that he was suffering from one of his old attacks of mental and physical prostration.

"He is snatching some sleep now, Frank; but he was most anxious to see you on your return. I'm quite sure that these miserable drugs are largely responsible for his condition. I spoke to the doctor on the subject. I called his attention to a bottle of medicine left in the library. I persuaded him to take it away with him in order that it might be analysed. Possibly we may get a clue to what is causing the mischief. The doctor himself admits to being puzzled. There is no immediate danger; but he says that my father is generally breaking down. If he could only be persuaded to go away; but he has the fixed idea that he must be on the spot. I want you to use all your influence with him. There is no reason, when we come back—a flush to her cheeks—"why he shouldn't leave you in control, and take a complete rest abroad."

"I will approach the subject to-morrow, Eve."

After a few more words of other matters, but there were moments when the man's thoughts were inclined to wander, though he did his utmost to prevent them. Once the woman's eyes searched his face a little curiously.

"You are tired," she said.

"It has been a time of strain and anxiety," he said quickly. "Eve, I play to me—sing to me."

She swept to the piano.

"This?" she questioned, smiling back at him as she struck the opening chords of the river song.

The song was associated now, not only with the river and bygone days, but those burning moments when they stood alone in the shadows of the

(Continued on page 11.)

GIBBS'

SHAVING SOAP

makes shaving easy. By softening the beard, and imparting a thick, creamy lather, the razor's work is considerably lessened. A clean, close, and pleasant shave is the result of using the Best Soap—Gibbs' Super-fatted Cold Cream Shaving Soap.

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SOUTHSEA,
MARGATE,
YARMOUTH,
RAMSGATE,

— TO —

"Answers"

Carriers. All you have to do, if you are at any of these places, is to carry "Answers" in your hand. Mr. Answers will visit each of these places and will hand a £5 Note to the first person he meets with this week's "Answers" in his hand. On Tuesday, in the same way, £5 Notes will be given away at

Blackpool and New Brighton.
Llandudno on Wednesday.
Scarborough on Thursday.
Southport on Friday.
Folkestone on Saturday.

So wherever you go carry "ANSWERS,"
and you may get one of the

£5 NOTES

FURTHER FREE DISTRIBUTION OF "Swiss-Frey" Chocolate

"SWISS-FREY" CHOCOLATE is not very cheap, but is very good.

Tasting tells it is indescribably delicious. Consequently, the English Agent for this delightful Swiss production is issuing a special authority, in each district where one or more confectioners have the article on sale, giving, as below, the names of those retailers who are authorised to take a penny packet of "Swiss-Frey" from their ordinary stock and present it to the holder.

There is nothing to pay. *Not even a postage* to buy. All he asks is that you tell your friends what you think of "Swiss-Frey" Chocolate, and where they can afterwards buy it. (1d., 3d., 6d., and 1s. sizes.)

Cut along the dotted line.

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TO SUPPLY BEARER WITH ONE 1d. PACKET OF "SWISS-FREY"
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VOUCHER. ON OR BEFORE AUGUST 11th, 1905. NOT AFTER.

Attleboro'—H. Farrow.
Birkenhead—J. Duff, 31-33, Oxton-road.
Birmingham—E. M. Shelley, 823, Stratford-road.
J. H. Smith, 79, Southfields-st., Edgbaston.
Bromsgrove—W. H. Wilson, High-street.
Cambridge—Watkin Bird, 7, Bridge-street.
Churchtown—J. Halliwell and Son.
Clare—Oliver Birrell.
Coventry—Mrs. Shillcock, Hertford-street.
The Grisha Cafe, Hertford-street.
Coxhoe—J. Davison and Sons.
Cromer—B. Robson, Prince of Wales-road.
Derby—J. Henry & Co., London.
Dudley—W. Shakespeare, 120, Snow-hill.
East Dereham—A. Vull.
Ely—Sturton and Howard.
Ferryhill—Atkinson's Confectionery Stores.
Folkestone—E. McClelland, 100, Tontine-street.
C. Stevenson, 22, Harbour-street.
Great Bridge—W. J. Powell, Fisher-street.
Halstead—The Creamery, 31, High-street.
Horsham—E. Jupp, 22, West-street.
Hoylake—Marlboro' Cafe, 2, Birkenhead-road.
Hunstanton—J. C. Lamb, Front-street.
Kenilworth—D. S. Fancourt.
King's Lynn—Chas. Barrett, 100, High-street.
C. P. Barrett, Tower-street.
Leamington Spa—Cafe Royal, Bath-street.
Leicester—A. J. Willis, 25, London-road.
Liscard—H. C. Redfern, 124, Sealand-road.
Littleport—C. Cawthorn, Victoria-street.
Liverpool—E. Barr, 406, Prescott-road, Stanley.
Crown Confectionery Co., 19, Paddington.
J. Dancy, 64, St. John's-road, Waterloo.
R. Howard, 140-142, Prescott-road, Fairfield.
Lowestoft—E. J. Seeley, Toning-street.
Middlesboro'—J. E. Ball, 24, Lindbergh-road.
Midhurst—T. Goldring and Sons, West-street.

Moreton—H. Dodd, The Buffet.
Newbottle—E. Carling.
Newmarket—E. Spencer.
North Walsham—A. Deckings.
Norwich—L. B. Hampshire, 43, Upper King-street.
Orpington—G. Annett, High-street.
Rock Ferry—Thos. Deacons, 188-189, Bedford-road.
Saffron Walden—W. C. Bunting, 33, High-street.
St. Leonards—Cave, Austin, and Co., Ltd., 15-16, Grand Parade.
Seacombe—J. Easton and Co., 57, Poulton-road.
Seaton Carew—S. Lamb.
Sharnford—F. M. Bradshaw.
Southport—Campbell and Co., 209, Lord-street.
Stockton—Holmes Northern Supply Stores, Ltd.
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Stourbridge—J. Townsland, 19, Lower High-street.
Stratford-on-Avon—Bacon, 37, High-street.
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H. Neale, 4, Henley-street.
Sunderland—Ed. Binn, 37, Fawcett-street.
Sutton Coldfield—W. Bromwich, High-street.
Trimdon Colliery—J. Smith, Front-street.
Tudhoe Grange—J. O'Neill, 3, King William-street.
Tynemouth—J. C. Lamb, Front-street.
Wallasey—Wm. Tunstall, 124, Wallasey Village.
Walsingham—G. Back.
Warwick—E. Walker, 11, Jury-street.
West Hartlepool—H. S. Bond, Lowthian-road.
E. M. Briggs, Musgrave-street.
Harrison and Mettall, Lynn-street.
E. Smith, Lower Lynn-street.
J. E. Smith, Milton-road.
West Kirby—M. A. Smith, 2, Grange-road.
Wingate—Miss Thwaites, The Cafe.
Wisbech—A. E. Hiscock.
Worthing—C. Whiston, Tarring-road.
Wolverhampton—D. Charles, 20a, Victoria-street.
Yarm-on-Tees—Gamble's Confectionery Stores.

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EVERY LADY should read this flannelette talk!
Ordinary flannelette has a very serious drawback—it catches fire so easily, and
burns so quickly.
NON-FLAM, the new fireproof flannelette, WILL NOT BURN. Held over
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POSTCARD NOW and WE WILL POST YOU FREE SAMPLE, which test for yourself
against any so-called safe flannelette after the latter has been washed. You will
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give full details and
useful information.

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A PRETTY BLOUSE THAT SHOWS THE BECOMING DUTCH SQUARE CUT NECK—OUR CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE PRIZE-WINNERS.

GIRL AGED EIGHT WINS THE FIRST PRIZE.

Judging from the numbers sent in my little friends must have sympathised with poor pussy on the motor-car, and coloured him up as bright as they could to try and make him forget his troubles.

The first prize of 5s. goes to Violet Walker, aged eight, 11, Barnes-street, Church, Lancashire. She has painted her picture quite nicely, and given the cushion of the motor-car a lovely red colour; in fact, all her colours are good, and I am sure she has tried hard to win the prize. The second prize of

up. I hope he will succeed, I'm sure, but he will have to work very hard.

Florence G. Britton wins the third prize of 2s. 6d. She is nine years old, and lives at 21, Morford-street, Bath. Her picture looks very grand, plentifully dotted over with gold paint. She has also given pussy a lovely green eye.

The fourth prize of 2s. 6d. goes to Mabel Ainsworth, aged twelve, 7, Tonsley-hill, Wandsworth, S.W. She has given pussy a many-coloured coat, and he certainly looks very fine indeed. He also possesses a lovely green eye, which is, of course, quite correct.

Honourable mentions are awarded to Beatrice Russel, 61, Lower Anthy-street, Accrington, Lancashire, age eight, for a very nicely-painted picture; Lillian Hollick, age nine, Carlton-mansions,

George, age eleven, 26, Widgegate-street, E.C.; Violet Nichols, Underdown, Mill-road, West Worthing; Minnie Harding, age ten, 26, St. Dunstan's-road, East Dulwich; Quentin Maclean, Iversnaid, Farquhar-road, Upper Norwood, age nine; and Estelle J. Farley, Springwood, Galveston-road, East Funtney, who has painted the road quite a natural colour.

We all know how fond bears are of sweet things

to eat. This week our artist has drawn a little bear jubilantly carrying home a cask of best honey. We will hope he bought it at a shop; though it is more than likely that he stole it, but we won't ask him in case he runs away. The picture should be coloured in chalks or water-colours, and be sent in directed to the Children's Corner, the *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., up to the first post on Thursday morning, August 10.

HOW CHILDREN CAN HELP POOR LITTLE BABIES.

On page 10 of this morning's paper is an article by the Countess of Kinnoull asking for help to set up day nurseries for poor little babies whose mothers have to go to work.

Lady Kinnoull suggests that children might help a great deal by collecting for this purpose. The *Daily Mirror* will be glad to send collecting cards to any children (or grown-up people either) who will do this, and Lady Kinnoull will give prizes to the boy and the girl who succeed in collecting most money for the fund.

Read the article and send for the collecting card if you think you can get it filled up.



The little bear in the above drawing is hurrying home with a cask of honey. By the look of anticipation on his face he is evidently going to enjoy eating some of it. Colour the drawing with chalks or water-colours, and send it in according to the directions to be found on this page.

2s. 6d. has been won by Edward Shackleton, 37, Wickham-street, Beeston Hill, Leeds. He has also taken great pains with his picture, although perhaps the point is a little too thick in places. Edgar tells me he is going to be an artist when he grows

Clapham-rise, S.W.;—Lillian must be complimented on her glowing sunset. Albert Edward Maxwell, Lancaster-street, Elswick-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, age nine, whose motor-car looks quite gay in its coat of red and yellow; May



This blouse is made of cream spotted muslin and lace, and is cut square at the throat. The trim belt is a new one of black taffetas, with kid thong and a buckle in front to match.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

would see him quickly enough if he were only made aware of his presence.

"Come in here."

Chester pushed the man unceremoniously into the library and switched on the lights. Then he looked at him squarely in the face.

"Now then, who is it?"

The man returned his stare with a maudlin expression of self-pity and drunken cunning.

"Give me time to—recollect my thoughts."

He glared round the great room as if the surroundings were familiar to him, and his bloodshot eyes rested for a moment on the bookshelves.

Chester, waiting for the man to explain himself, was watching his every movement, and at the same time puzzling his brain for a link to connect up the man with some association that he could not identify.

He followed the man's gaze as the latter stared at the bookshelves.

And it was the bookshelves that supplied the missing link, recalling a photograph that had slipped from the pages of a book taken out at random when Chester, thinking of Eve and Dexter, paced the library in restless mood.

His face went rigid. His eyes flashed from the bookshelves to the man's drink-sodden features. Yet even now it seemed incredible. He must be the victim of some monstrous, nightmarish delusion!

He could remember the very book from which the photograph had slipped. Swiftly he moved to the shelf, withdrew the book, and shook it. The unmounted photograph, with Cecil Daintree's name pencilled on the back, fluttered to the ground. He snatched it up.

The drunken man, standing himself against the table, was watching Chester, half-cunningly, half-uncomprehendingly.

Chester stared at the photograph for one brief moment; then at the man. He recoiled. The one face was a horribly grotesque caricature of the other.

This man was Eve's husband, Cecil Daintree, returned to life.

For the space of some seconds Chester stood quite still, numb into motionlessness by the shock of revelation.

The husband of the woman, whom he was holding in his arms but a few minutes before, speaking to her of their wedding-day, was facing him. It was tragedy, pure and simple.

Chester thought of the beautiful, proud Eve, with all her grace and womanliness, and stared stonily at the ghastly caricature of Cecil Daintree. He was paralysed by the ironic tragedy of the situation.

What had the man come to claim? Money, or his wife, or what?

The drunkard still supported himself against the table, half-defiant, half-cunning, half-stupid, waiting for Chester to speak. But the words refused to come. Chester did not know how to grapple with the monstrous situation.

It was a tingling in his fingers that told of the numbness leaving him; a tingling, fierce itch to grip the man by the throat and wring the life out

of him, and thus rid Eve of this incubus returned to life.

It was enough to break her proud spirit beyond repair. His thoughts were with her now, completely, as he still stood silent, his hands opening and shutting, watching and being watched by the drunkard.

"What do you want?" he breathed out fiercely.

Cecil Daintree crept round the table, so as to interpose it between himself and Chester, before making reply.

"What do you want?"

"What do I want?" hiccupped the drunkard. "Money, money—or a restitution of conjugal rights."

He staggered away from the table. A sudden movement on Chester's part had frightened him. "Stay where you are!" he cried, half-nervously, half-defiantly. "Hear what I've got to say. I know you—it's for your sake, I've come here to-night—if I'd played the game that I'd been put up to, I should have waited till you'd married her—you'll have to wait now till I'm dead—or they've divorced me! But I'm not dead yet, and, by God, I don't mean to die yet!"

Again a movement away from the table.

"Stay where you are—try to lay a hand on me—and I'll shout these things out from the rooftops."

He seemed only half-conscious of what he was saying. In the brief silence that followed, he blinked his eyes and looked about him, as if wondering how he came to be in the room.

Then, trying to steady himself, he lurched towards the table; but, catching his foot in a rug, he pitched heavily forward and, striking his head on the table edge with all the dead-weight of his body behind him, went to the floor like a log, stunned.

As Chester, his limbs clenched up and his face old with life, would have sprung to him, someone knocked on the door.

Then Eve's voice.

(To be continued.)

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On Sale Everywhere.

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TO-DAY'S RACING PROGRAMME.

ALEXANDRA PARK.

2.0.-HARRINGAY SELLING PLATE OF 100 sovs. One mile.			
Stinkaway	5	10	10
Snowberry	6	11	11
Duke Royal	6	11	11
Lord Coke	3	8	0

2.35.-MUNICIPAL HANDICAP OF 200 sovs. Five furlongs.			
Goodrest	5	10	10
Kearage	6	8	5
Goldrush	5	10	10
Queen's Gift	5	10	10
Parfax	3	7	13
Simonova	3	7	13
Crystal	4	7	10
Milford Lad	4	7	10
Trances Looel	4	7	10

3.10.-JUVENILE SELLING PLATE OF 100 sovs. For two-year-olds. Five furlongs.			
Corbracken	0	10	10
Doubuka	0	10	10
Pecaden	0	10	10
Dover's Pride	0	10	10
Symmetrical	0	10	10
Gow	0	10	10

3.40.-ALEXANDRA WELTER HANDICAP OF 300 sovs. One mile and 320 yards.			
Vergia	4	11	11
Scotch	4	11	11
Lucida	4	11	11
The Clingon	4	11	11
Deane Yard	4	11	11
Pennecrante	4	11	11
Rewalk	4	11	11
Parfax	4	11	11
Jameson	4	11	11
Carta	4	11	11
Galliano	4	11	11

4.10.-MAIDEN TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE OF 100 sovs. Five furlongs.			
Bill of the Play	9	7	10
Barlamand	9	7	10
Cleely	9	7	10
Galloping try	9	7	10
Loydas	9	7	10
Stant Russell	9	7	10
Benners	9	7	10
Portie	9	7	10
Parfax	9	7	10
Purple Emperor	9	7	10
Easton Glory	9	7	10
Marlow	9	7	10
Rosethorpe	9	7	10

4.40.-MANOR WELTER PLATE OF 100 sovs. One mile and a half and 110 yards.			
Aralia	4	8	12
Caprest	4	8	12
Mount Prospect	4	8	12
Royal Winkfield	4	8	12

LATEST SCRATCHINGS.

Sprint Handicap, Hurst Park.—King Duncan and Aspendale.
Welter Handicap, Hurst Park.—Flower Girl.
Castle Plate, Birmingham.—Sunsho.
Haydock engagements.—All Mr. B. Hobbs's horses.
Flixton Weher, Haydock.—Ariadne.

HOLIDAYS AWHEEL.

Country Tours of the London Clubs—Trips to Seaside and Country Resorts.

Those who have traversed the highways and country lanes recently know how much the rain which fell on Thursday and the early rain of Friday was needed. Therefore what may have appeared to be a break-up of the nice weather is after all but a blessing in disguise. The roads and the fields are now so much more greatly in need of moisture, and it already looks fresher and more beautiful perhaps than it did during the period of the heat wave.

With the knowledge that the rain came well in advance of the holidays, touring cyclists should have the assurance that the weather will be favourable for the three-day's ramble. At all events, the outlook at present promises a breezy, sunny time, which is really what the London cyclist wants for recreation and the route via Kingston and Leatherhead, to Gomshall, thence through Cranleigh and Adford to Pulborough—the village by the Arun beloved by anglers. To-morrow the party will ride out to Littlehampton and Bognor, returning via Chichester, to Pulborough again, and on Monday the home journey will be through the land of Tennyson—namely, Haslemere, Hindhead, and Frensham—to Ash and Woking.

The Ancestry are visiting the picturesque country known as the "Wiltshire Highlands," which embraces the romantic wilderness of Salisbury Plain, ancient Amesbury, and Stonehenge. The early section left London last evening for Virginia Water. This morning they will be joined by the later division, thence moving on to Reading, Hungerford, and Marlborough.

Fraternalising at Lunch.

The Bath Road are also touring in the same district, and both clubs will fraternise at lunch at a demonstration on Monday. The return ride will be by way of Egham and Chertsey.

Cantebury will be the base of the Catford during the holidays. The Unity will visit Newbury, the Beaumont journey to Pangbourne, and the North London carry out a tour in the neighbourhood of the Berkshire Downs. The Polytechnic are touring the Thetford district, and a fairly large party of members is expected to start from headquarters this afternoon for the ride along the Bath Road to Reading. The Finsbury Park will also be in the near locality, their centre being Hungerford.

Among the clubs visiting Brighton are the Adelphi, Rodney, Brookdale, De Laune, and its patron club, the Brighton Road. The Surrey Wheelers, Apollo, and Kensal Rise are wheeling to Worthing, the Hanover to Margate, the Dulwich Falcon to Tunbridge Wells, West London to Hastings, and the Goldsmiths to Crawley and Arundel. The feature of the Silverdale's visit to Woburn Green will be their third annual cricket match with the local team.

The exigencies of newspaper work, of course, prevent the members of the Daily Press from touring. They will accordingly take out-and-home runs to-day and to-morrow. The northerners will ride to Quendon and Cockfosters, and the southern half to Rye and Worcester Park. The Vegetarian are holding a garden-party at Hitchin, and the Viking are riding to Bishop's Stortford. Oakfield go to Windsor, Merry Hearts to Chesham, Ealing to Cheam, Dulwich Falcon to Tunbridge Wells, and Raleigh to Newbury.

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Flat Foot.
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A.A.A.A.A.—Overcoats, Suits, and Costumes to measure, also boots on monthly payments in latest styles—The West End Tailoring Co., 105, Chesham.

A—Free dainty sample Handkerchief, with illustrated lists; send stamp—British Linen Company, Oxford-st., London.

A—High-class Tailoring on improved system; 10s. monthly. —A. Jarrell, 41c Strand, opposite Fiv.

A Fashionable Suit to measure on improved system; 10s. monthly; fit guaranteed.—Adams, 140 Strand, opposite New Gallery.

BABY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT, 68 articles, 21s.; exquisitely made; Robes, etc.; approval.—Call or write Nurse Scott, 251, Unbrigg-rd. (private house), near Askew Arms, Bishopsgate.

BARGAIN—10s. 6d.; 3 chemises, 3 knickers, 2 petticoats, 3 nightdresses, 10s. 6d.—Eva, 89, Union-rd., Clapham.

"BEATALL," 1s. 3d. while remnant parcels; damasks, linens, muslins, cambrics, laces.—Beatall, Rushden.

BEAUTIFUL Baby Long Clothes; sets of 50 articles, 21s.; a bargain of loveliness; approval.—Mrs. Max, 16, The Chase, Nottingham.

BOOTS on Credit; Ladies' 6s.; Gent's 10s. 6d.; good Business Suits, 27s. 6d.; tailor-made Costumes, 25s.; Cycle Suits from 15s. 6d.; Jackets, Mantles, and Drapery delivered on small deposit; patterns and American self-measurement forms post free; perfect fit guaranteed; no objectionable inquiries; quick delivery.—Write Dept. No. 323, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

FORTY Shilling Suit for 10s. 6d.—"Great Tailoring Office."—Dear Sir,—To enable you to understand that England is not behindhand in commercial enterprise, we have decided to advertise this wonderful Gentleman's Tweed Suit at 10s. 6d. carriage free. Write now for our free patterns and measure yourself; this offer may not last much longer. Get all your friends also to avail themselves of our real British great offer. Clerks write us. Managers write us. Farmers write us. We will send you, at once, your wants, and our prices are an eye-opener to the world. You write us. Postcard will do. If you have no stamp at home post it without; we like to hear from you.—Yours faithfully (for 22 years), the Globe Clothing Firm (Dept. D), 19 and 20, Oxford-st., next door Oxford Music Hall, London, W.

FREE GIFT FOR SEVEN DAYS.—Every purchaser one of our "Celebrated" 10s. 6d. Costumes, 27s. guaranteed. Black, Navy, all Colours, will give free, 2s. 6d. Washing Underskirt. Patterns, Self-measurement Chart Free.—Manufacturers' Surplus Stock Association, 70a, Alderman-rd., London.

FRINGE Nets for the "Summer Girl"; real hair; extra large; any shade; 1s. 6d., 2s., half-donated; marvellous value.—W. Pile, Drayton, Nottingham.

LACE at wholesale prices; large assorted parcel, 1s.—Savage, 27, Daybrook-st., Sherwood, Nottingham.

LADIES only 2s. 6d. need be with your order for Costumes from 21s.; jackets, drapery, boots, etc.; perfect fit guaranteed; balance 1s. weekly; delivery on credit; no objectionable inquiries; patterns and self-measurement chart post free.—Write Dept. 233, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

LADIES' stylish Tweed Dress Lengths; new colourings; armures, crepes, etc.; 2s. 11d.; carriage paid; patterns sent.—Hargrave, Dress Warehouse.

MONSTER 1s. parcel assorted Laces; exceptional value.—Wayte and Co., 84, Parliament-st., Nottingham.

ONE Shilling Weekly.—Clothing made to measure below shopkeepers' prices; good business suits from 27s. 6d.; Boots 10s. 6d.; Ladies' Jackets, Mantles, and Drapery delivered on small deposit; patterns and American self-measurement forms post free; no objectionable inquiries; quick delivery.—Write Dept. 70, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

TEN Days More.—Greatest summer clearance sale closes August 15; choicest Irish household, table, wearing Linens; below market prices; exquisite Samples Free.—Send postcard, Hutton's, 31, Larnie, Ireland.

THERE'S a big Sale now proceeding in the Ladies' and Gent's Clothing Department at Thomas's.—Those who cannot afford cash with order can obtain what they require on credit terms at greatly-reduced prices; catalogues, self-measurement forms, and patterns post free to any address.—Department 31, Store, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

UNBREAKABLE Corsets, corset, 3s. 11d.; write for free Unbreakable (Sample Steel) corsets made to any figure.—Corset and Clothing Co., Nottingham, Notting.

2s. per Pair.—Genuine Police and Army Trousers; grand for work or evening; carriage 6d.—V. Harrow and Co., 51, Bruce Castle-rd., Tottenham.

800 Boys' Serge Sailor Suits, 1s. 9d., 2s. 3d., 2s. 11d., each; Norfolk, 3s. 3d., each; Kensingtons, 4s. 9d., each; Knickerbockers, 1s. 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d. per pair; carriage 4d. extra.—Greenhill, 20, Noble-st., London, E.C.

Articles for Disposal.

A.—Art Cane Baby's Mail Cart; gondola shape; very handsome design; owner will sacrifice high-class carriage for 25s. 3d. carriage paid; 3 positions; quite new; approval before payment; photo.—Pastor, 90, Brook-rd., Stoke Newington.

A Baby's cane Mail-cart.—Lady will sacrifice high-class carriage; elegant design; silver-plated fittings; 3 positions; quite new; accept 25s.; carriage paid; approval before payment; photo.—Bar, 68, Walcott, Oxford-st., London, W.

ALL Marriages made a success on easy terms by the use of our lucky 22ct. gold wedding rings and gold watches for 35s. 6d. per pair; watches, clocks, cutlery, and jewellery delivered on small deposit; balance monthly; illustrations post free; no objectionable inquiries.—Write Dept. 162, A. Thomas, 317, Upper-st., Islington, London, N.

ASTONISHING Bargains.—Ladies' and Gentlemen's real Gold Rings, 2s. 3d., each; single set, 5s. 3d., each; set, 10s. 3d., each; state kind; approval willingly.—Hodgson, 23, Richmond-av., Leeds.

My Favourite

N.B. Very nourishing and Sustaining!!

St. Shephard

PETER'S SWISS MILK-CHOCOLATE

WHITLOCK'S GREAT 5/- SALE

Now Proceeding,
10 DAYS ONLY, at
80 (late 46), High St., Clapham, S.W.
DOORS OPEN AT 10 O'CLOCK.

LIST OF ARTICLES INCLUDED IN THE SALE:—

Cloth and Tweed Costumes complete, in variety of colours, average value 15/11 to 11/11, at this season's goods — as now worn, large variety to select from — Holland Skirts and Holland Coats, also in Cloth, Feather Skirts, and Cloth Browsers — at Cloth Skirts, Holland Skirts, Holland Coats, Marabout Skirts — at Holland Skirts, Holland Coats, Black and Coloured Skirts — at Tweed Skirts, Two Coats, Sunray-plated Skirts (Black, Blue, & Brown, Shower-proof Coats); at The immense Stock of above lines must be cleared to make room for Autumn Stock.

SPECIAL LINE.—Sunray and Accordia Plated Skirts in Voile and Alpaca, in Brown, Blue, Cream, White, Black, and Navy Blue, as sold by West End firms at 15/11 each; our price, 5/-. One shilling extra by post.

P.S.—All Orders by Post will be sent out in rotation from Head Depot, 59, Camberwell Road, London, S.E. One Shilling extra must accompany all Orders by post during Sale to cover cost of packing and postage, as all goods are sold under cost price.

Send Postcard with your name and address, for our Autumn Fashions Plate which will be sent, post free, when completed.

WHITLOCK'S 80 (late 46) High St., CLAPHAM, LONDON, S.W.

Footing Electric trams from all bridges past the doors. Trains to High Street, Clapham (L.C. & D.R.).
Close to Clapham Road Station (City and South London Electric Railway).

Plasmon Powder

Delicious Custard

Requires only half the usual quantity of milk to make a perfect custard without eggs.
In 3 flavours, all Grocers and Stores, 6d.

BARGAINS.—Gent's magnificent keyless Hunter Watch; quite new, reliable; 6s. 6d.—Hodgson, 23, Richmond-av., Leeds.

BATHING Trench, 13s. 9d., 12s. 6d., 23s. 6d.; sent by return on receipt of cash, carriage paid to any seaside town.—John Pigott, Ltd., 117, Chesapeake, London.

CHIP Potatoes and Cookshop Fittings; every variety; champion ranges potato peelers; new 11s. 6d. list free.—Mabbott's Poland-st., Manchester.

"DAILY MIRROR" Miniatures, sold to advertise the "Daily Mirror"—Your miniature coloured for 3s. 1d., post free.—Send photograph and particulars as to colour of hair, eyes, complexion, and dress, together with P.O. for 3s. to be crossed Cuttis and Co. Miniature Dept. 12, Whitefriars-st., E.C.

FOR Gillette Patent Safety Razors.—Shipp, Wigton, Leicester; send for booklet, free.

FREE—Send for our latest illustrated catalogue of Lace and Mullin Curtains, etc.—Marple and Co., Dept. 10, Nottingham.

LADY sacrifices her lovely jewelled Ring (stamped), 2s.; Bracelet, 4s.; Ladies' and Gent's Neckchain, 2s. 6d.; approval.—R. T., 176, Hamden-rd., S.W.

LADY sacrifices two 18-carat gold-encased Orient diamond Rings; only 2s. 6d. the two; curb Bracelet 2s., long Watch Guard 2s.; approval.—Miss Andrews, The Gables, Ealing Dean, W.

LARGE assortment of new and secondhand leather Trunks, Dress Baskets, to be sold cheap.—Wentler, 107, Charing Cross-rd.

MARVELOUS Value; 2s. 6d. each; real gold gem Rings; any size.—Parker, Shooter's Hill, Coves.

A Great Demand. Grand Window Attraction, Art Picture-Postcards; 36 superior cards, 10d., post free; 72 for 1s. 6d., 108 for 2s. 4d., 144 for 2s. 7d. Also free samples. All very handsomely coloured. Mention picture and styles desired. 36 Famous Artresses, 36 North English Views, 36 Famous Cricketers (photos), 36 London Views, 36 West England Views, 36 All British Views, Francis and Co. (Wholesale Dept., Exchange, Norwich).

SILVER-Mounted Knives.—Service, 12 table, 12 dessert knives, carvers, and tea and silver-mounted; all marked; ivory handles; unsold; sacrifice 27s. 6d.; approval.—W., 2, Claydon-rd., S.W.

TENTS (Army Bell), complete, 28s., new woollen regulation Blankets, 4s. 9d.; new ground Sheets, 5s.—Health-Furniture Co., Lauderdale-buildings, Aldersgate, London.

50 Picture Postcards, kind desired, 1s. 7d. (stamp).—Art, Rue Therese, 10, Paris.

Wanted to Purchase. OLD Artificial Teeth bought; for highest prices apply Dr. Paget, Dentist, 219, Oxford-st., London; call or post parcels; immediate cash or order made; firm est. 1750.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought; all should call or forward by post; full value per return or order made.—Messrs. M. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 135, Oxford-st. (opposite Berners-st., London) (established 100 years).

WANTED, any quantities old Golf Balls for cash.—Randall, Warden Hill, Luton.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

CASH ADVANCES PRIVATELY in a few hours, on NOTE OF HAND ALONE, to gentlemen in permanent employment, tradesmen, and responsible persons; no surties or fees.—Call or write to the actual lenders (Lons or country). COX AND CO.

239 Seven Sisters-rd., Finsbury-pk., N. 13 doors from Tube Station. Hours, 9 to 7; Saturdays, 9 to 3.

MONEY.—If you require an advance promptly completed at a fair rate of interest apply to the old-established Provincial Union Bank, 20, Peter Brook-st., Ipswich.

MONEY LENT PRIVATELY. £10 to £10,000, at few hours' notice, on note of hand alone, without surties or securities, at reasonable terms. Repayments to suit borrowers own convenience. Distance no object. Apply to the actual lenders (Tel. No. 912 Bank). SEYMOUR and WHITEMAN, 32, Walbrook, E.C.

PARTNER.—Australian returning; exceptional opportunity offered; particulars at interview only.—Write 1852, "Daily Mirror," 12, Whitefriars-st., London, E.C.

£10 TO £10,000 immediately advanced on note of hand, repayable by arrangement; no fees or surties; strict privacy to the actual lenders (Tel. No. 912 Bank). BISHOPGATE-st. (facing Liverpool-st.), London, E.C.

LAND, HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.

A House for 6d. a day.—Sixpence a day paid for 5 years will enable you to purchase a house worth £200 in any part of the United Kingdom.—Full particulars on application to J. J. Green (Box 373), 72, Bishopgate-st. Without, London, E.C.

HOUSES, OFFICES, ETC., TO LET.

FURNISHED House to Let at Dovercourt; close to beach; every convenience; baths, etc.—Jackson, Harwich.

HARROW (near Met. Station).—Charming semi-detached Villa; nine rooms; bath, electric light; every modern convenience; redecorated; large garden; low rates; rent £45 or sell; seen any time.—St. John's, Harrow-rd., Harrow.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALL Allments, Nervous Debility, Indigestion, Premature Decay, Lost Vitality; Mr. Geo. Eminent Herbal Specialist, will send full particulars stamped envelope.—Herbal Medicine Supply, 212k, High-st., Gateshead. Inexpensive Guaranteed Cure.

CORNS banished, painless; easily applied; only 7d.—Needham's 297, Edgware-rd., London.

DOUGLAS Marklewell's Complexion Soaps.—Ella-laine Terris, Emma May, Mabel Love; recommended; three shilling tins, 2s. 6d.; "Bloom of Health Pillets," 1s. packages.—Russell Company, Tottenham.

FAMILIES Rejoice.—Dell's Patent-iron, Orville-rd., Battersea, London. Est. 1809. Free estimates.

SCOTCH and Aberdeen Terriers, pure bred, 3 guineas; pups, 3 guineas.—Major Richardson, Carnoustie, Scotland.

WEAK Men suffering from Nervous Debility or any complaint connected with the nervous system, should send full particulars; it will cost you nothing.—Address W. H. Brown, Esq., 41, Chesham-rd., Brighton, Sussex. Name his paper.

Other Small Advertisements on page 2.

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